

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

HUNDREDTH YEAR

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Photograph by Harry Irving Shawway

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"What Can I Do With My Boy?"

How often you have asked yourself that question!

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*For this purpose, we have appropriated a total of \$250,000.00 exclusively for such College Loans to Curtis Boys.

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THE · YOUTH'S · COMPANION

VOLUME 100

NUMBER 3



DRAWING BY DUDLEY G. SUMMERS

It was pleasant to show Ethel that Mark was prosperous. "I'm going to buy a ring," said Elizabeth

A Thousand Dollars

By

ELSIE SINGMASTER

ELIZABETH KILBOURN'S departure for town was joyful. She stood in the door of the dining-room and smiled at the bowl of roses on the table, and in the door of the parlor and smiled at everything in the room. When she locked the door she smiled at the porch furnishing, and she stopped three times before she reached the gate to listen to the bees in a feathery honey-locust tree and to admire Mark's flower beds and to look up at the tall oak trees at the back of the house.

Elizabeth's walk to the station was punctuated by a gay waving of hands to half a dozen porches, and her footsteps were made light by a sense of impending pleasure and triumph. She had a little shopping to do for the house; then she was to meet her cousin Ethel, who was to lunch with her; then she was to make a purchase for herself; then she was to fly home to prepare Mark's dinner.

In the first months of their married life she had often met Mark at luncheon or had gone into town with him in the morning or had met him for the homeward journey, but now she traveled independently. Mark was intensely anxious to succeed, and his business abstraction began when he left the house. He was the youngest clerk in the Broadway Bank, and he had hopes of having some day an important office. The president of the bank, Mr. Eli Baker, was Elizabeth's great-uncle, and Mark believed that he, as well as all Elizabeth's prosperous relatives, was watching him. Thus far, however, he had but once talked with Mr. Baker, who was a powerful and distant divinity to the clerks.

After Elizabeth had finished her buying of brushes and ordering of canned vegetables, she went to the Grantham to meet Ethel.

For once Ethel was on time. She sat in the lounge of the hotel reading, and, though her head was bent and her eyes were fixed on her book, she was the most conspicuous figure there. She was tall and dark, and she had a beautiful imperious head. Rich bright colors were becoming to her, and she wore them constantly. As she rose to meet Elizabeth, every eye was upon her orange sweater and the deep crimson band on her hat.

Elizabeth always felt a leap of the heart when they met. Ethel was magnificent, both physically and mentally. Mark was a match for her in cleverness, but she herself could never meet Ethel on an even footing.

"Well, my child," said Ethel, "how are the cows and the chickens?"

"They are all well," answered Elizabeth. Sometimes Ethel's teasing annoyed her, but today nothing could annoy her. "Are you ready for lunch?"

"Ready? I've been waiting half an hour."

Ethel dropped back a little to let Elizabeth lead the way to the dining-room. Elizabeth was married; but in their childhood and youth Ethel had always taken precedence. Even now the waiter glanced at her rather than toward Elizabeth and led them to the corner toward which her eyes were directed.

"I have a surprise for you," she said when Elizabeth had given the order. "I'm going abroad on Wednesday."

Elizabeth felt a sudden pang. She and Mark talked and dreamed of going abroad and visiting together the places she had

visited before she knew Mark. But Mark was tied to the bank. The pang lasted only a second; she would not have considered a trip to Europe for an instant if it involved separation from Mark.

"The Davises are going, and Mrs. Davis's sister had to give up the trip at the last minute; so they asked me. They are taking their car, and they have made no plans—the ideal way to travel. I wish you were going."

"It would be nice," said Elizabeth with cheerfulness that left no room for a suspicion that she envied those who were going.

Ethel looked at her wonderingly; there was no one in the world from whom she could not be separated. She felt a sudden sense of emptiness in her life; then she began to talk rapidly. The Davises were the sort of people who were glad to have plans made for them, and she meant to suggest Scotland and the golf tournament for the first objective.

"If they seem bored, we can move on."

"They won't be bored with you," said Elizabeth.

Ethel told her news of gayety. Lila Effingham and John Garrett were engaged; Ellen Meyer was going yachting with the older Garretts; Alice Marsh was planning to build a house in the Berkshires.

"Your mind isn't on us!" Ethel said.

"Oh, yes it is," protested Elizabeth. "But I was thinking at that minute of what I'm going to buy."

"What are you going to buy?"

Elizabeth laughed a little excitedly. The purchase represented far more than appeared on the surface. It was pleasant to show Ethel that Mark was prosperous.

"I'm going to buy a ring. A week ago I saw a beauty in Kinnear's window, and today I'm going to get it."

Their lunch finished, the two went down the avenue. They looked into Kinnear's window for a moment before they entered. On a piece of blue velvet had been placed a few pieces of platinum jewelry set with diamonds and sapphires. Elizabeth pointed to a ring that was beautifully modeled and set with a single sapphire.

"There it is! I was dreadfully afraid it would be gone."

"Do you know how much it is?"

"Yes, I asked. Five hundred dollars."

"Have you an account? Charge it to me if you haven't."

"I have the money with me," said Elizabeth. "Mark doesn't like accounts."

The clerk brought the ring from the window and took others from the case.

"It's a beauty," said Ethel. "I'd like to have it myself. Are you going to wear it home?"

"No," said Elizabeth, her eyes shining. "I'm not going to wear it till Mark sees it."

The two cousins stood for a moment on the sidewalk.

"I'm coming in tomorrow to stay at the Grantham till we sail," said Ethel. "Why don't you lunch with me, wearing your jewel? Couldn't Mark get off? We'll lunch down near the bank if that will make it easier."

Elizabeth shook her head.

"Mark couldn't get off, and tomorrow my laundress is coming. I couldn't possibly

leave. I hope you'll have a jolly summer. I'll write to you regularly."

At about the time when the two cousins were bidding each other good-by Mark Kilbourn at the Broadway Bank felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned to receive a message summoning him to the president's office. He hoped that now both his salary and his position were to be advanced.

He went down the hall to Mr. Baker's office and knocked at Mr. Baker's door. He found him alone, an alert-looking old man whose manner was pleasant. Mr. Baker bade Mark sit down and asked him at once about Elizabeth.

"I've been thinking of coming to see you some evening," he said.

"I wish you would," said Mark. "Elizabeth would be delighted. We'd like you to take dinner with us."

"If you'll give me potluck."

"We will. Potluck at our house is good."

"I always have a little interview with the employees of the bank at the end of the first year," said Mr. Baker. "By that time we know whether a man is likely to be of permanent value to us. If he is, I like to have the pleasure of telling him so; and if he is not, I always want to explain to him why he has failed and see whether there is a possibility of his adjusting himself to our requirements. You belong in the first class—there has been only commendation for your work. To employees of that kind we offer a reward."

Mark's heartbeats quickened. Perhaps he was to be head clerk!

"The reward is this," went on Mr. Baker. "We offer to invest for the employee, in securities that are absolutely safe and that pay an exceedingly high rate of interest, all that he has saved. These securities are those of our own bank, which are seldom on the market. We feel that we are thus giving our employees both an excellent opportunity for investment and a share in the bank itself."

Fortunately Mr. Baker seemed to expect no response.

"Now Mr. Garber, who will attend to this matter for you, is out of his office today and tomorrow, but on Wednesday he will be glad to see you. I understand that you had no debts when you married and that with the wedding gifts of her relatives Elizabeth bought a property in Sumner. Elizabeth has, if I'm not mistaken, some income, and you receive a good salary for a young man."

"Yes," said Mark a little faintly.

"You have had probably no repairs this first year, and I suppose Elizabeth has needed few additions to her wardrobe."

"No," said Mark with an effort.

Mr. Baker turned back to his papers.

"The money is not to be borrowed, and it is to represent the exact amount of your savings. Some evening I'll go out with you. That is all for today."

"Thank you," said Mark. Automatically he opened the door and walked back to his

desk and changed his coat and took up his pen.

"Are you going to stay?" asked the clerk next him in a facetious tone.

"I hope so," said Mark. He still heard Mr. Baker's grave voice, and as he heard he saw written in his own clear hand the balance in his check book, three small figures, a two and a one and a two. It might almost as well have been nothing!

Mark saw Elizabeth on the porch as he returned home on Monday evening. As soon as she saw him she ran to the gate to meet him and slipped her hand in his arm.

"You look tired, Mark!"

"Do I?" asked Mark soberly.

"And solemn. But you won't be tired and solemn after you've had dinner and seen what I have to show you."

"Well, let's have dinner," said Mark with an effort at cheerfulness. He did feel solemn. Moreover, he felt afraid; he had begun to think of the future, of the chance of illness or hard times or obligations that he could not meet.

"You have something serious to tell me," said Elizabeth as they sat down.

"We'll finish dinner first," said Mark.

"You're sure you're not ill?"

"Sure."

"And nothing dreadful has happened?"

"No. Nothing dreadful has happened. What have you been doing?"

"I met Ethel in town," Elizabeth repeated. Ethel's interesting news.

"Now what have you to show me?" Mark asked when she paused. He did not speculate about what the object could be; he was too deeply preoccupied.

"You tell me your news first," said Elizabeth. She had removed the salad plates and put the dessert on the table, and she returned to her place. She was a little disturbed. Mark had not noticed the lovely ring on her finger.

"Well, we'll have the serious part over; perhaps that is better," said Mark. "I had an interview with Mr. Baker."

"He hasn't dismissed you!"

"No, he complimented me. As a reward for well-doing he offered me a chance to invest in Broadway Bank stock all that I had saved this year. He seemed to think I should have saved a good deal. He had it all reasoned out. But I haven't saved anything. I have two hundred and twelve dollars in the bank, but I couldn't offer them that."

Elizabeth looked at him with round eyes. "How much would you like to offer them?"

"Oh, a thousand dollars, perhaps. But we won't think of the past. Here's a sort of budget I've made out. You go over it, and tomorrow we'll consider it together."

"Will they—will they think less of you? Will it affect your position?"

Mark's brow knitted. He spoke with a sobriety that showed his apprehensions.

"We don't have to cross that bridge yet," Elizabeth seized the edge of the table

with one hand. Her other hand was in her pocket, shaped to a fist. From a dozen possible questions, all frightened, and some ashamed, she asked one.

"Did you tell Uncle Baker that we hadn't saved anything?"

"No, I didn't tell him. I'm not supposed to take up so small a matter with him. I'm to report to Mr. Garber on Wednesday."

Elizabeth drew her hand out of her pocket. In the pocket she left a small, glittering object. She believed that she had been out of her mind.

Tuesday, Elizabeth was on her way to town. She felt no false pride about carrying the ring back to Kinnear's; she felt only a dreadful fear that they might refuse to take it back. She had thought of offering it to Ethel, but she was afraid that Ethel would buy it whether she wanted it or not. Ethel had admired it; she had even said she should like to have it, but that did not mean that she would have bought it of her own free will. Ethel had a dozen beautiful rings and seldom wore any.

The clerk listened in doubtful astonishment.

"You'll have to speak to Mr. Christian, madam. Come this way."

Elizabeth's heart sank as she followed the clerk into an office. There she found herself face to face with a grave gentleman who bade her sit down. When the door was closed she told her story from the beginning, even who she was.

Mr. Christian took the ring from her hand and looked at it sharply.

"You are Eli Baker's grandniece?"

"Yes."

Mr. Christian seemed to be weighing the ring in his hand.

"Does your husband know about this?"

"No."

"Are you going to tell him?"

"I'll have to."

"I mean are you going to tell him if we take it back?"

"Why, yes, I'll have to!"

"Why?"

"If I don't, he'll think I've been economical in order to save, when I've been economical in order to spend beyond my means."

Mr. Christian turned to his desk, wrote a check and handed it over.

"You can have that cashed as you pass the desk."

That evening Mark came home soberly. He tried to be cheerful, since worrying would not mend his situation, but he remembered all the time how he would have felt if he had had a thousand dollars to carry to Mr. Garber the next day. He might save other thousands, but this, the saving of his first earning year, could never be made up. He did not blame Elizabeth; he believed that she had done marvelously well for a girl who had been brought up in rich men's houses. She had asked for nothing beyond that which he had given her, and she had kept within that sum.

Again Elizabeth was on the porch, and again she ran to meet him. She ran like a child, and her youth and her delicacy reproached him. She should not have been asked to be a poor man's wife.

"Elizabeth," he said, "last evening you said you had something to show me. I rudely forgot all about it. What was it?"

Elizabeth laughed. "You'll find it." Mark unfolded his napkin. It was fresh, but it was not quite smooth, and it had an object folded inside it.

"What is this?" he asked in astonishment.

"Not money?"

"It is eight hundred dollars," said Elizabeth. "That, plus your two hundred, will make a thousand."

"Oh, my dear!" cried Mark. "Surely you didn't borrow!"

"No," said Elizabeth. "I saved it."

"Saved it? What do you mean?"

"Now hold on to something, Mark," said Elizabeth steadily. "I wanted to see how much I could save. I thought of the money as my money after you gave it to me, not as ours. I didn't realize that you were giving me too much. I saved five hundred dollars from the housekeeping funds, and besides I had my own interest, which was three hundred more. Yesterday I went to Kinnear's and spent five hundred for a ring. Ethel went with me. I had it on my hand when you told me that you needed money. Today I took it back. Now tomorrow you go in and wave the thousand at my Uncle Baker. When he comes to dinner, I'm going to give him boiled beef and cabbage and little of that. I'll show him!"

"Oh, Elizabeth!" said Mark. His eyes shone.

"You needn't look at me as though I were a genius of finance," said Elizabeth. "But I can do better next year. It wasn't hard—it was fun. We'll save fifteen hundred." Suddenly she began to cry. "I never thought of money in terms of work until I reckoned up the hours it had taken you to earn that ring. It burned my hand."

Mark rose and went round the table, and as he went he laughed, the laugh of youth and confidence and courage.

"Some day we'll go in and find Mr. Christian and get that ring back," he promised. "Just you see!"

Mark carried his thousand dollars to Mr. Garber, who took it without a word of surprise or pleasure or congratulation or any other warm emotion. He filled out the blank spaces on a thick, handsomely engraved document, and passed it to Mark.

"There, Mr. Kilbourn. The use of a safety deposit vault is free to our employees. See Mr. Richter."

"Thank you," said Mark.

Back at his desk, Mark stood for a moment, pen in hand, before he turned to his books. He had had many happy moments, and he was to have more, but this moment had a happiness of its own, never to be repeated.

Hazen of the Up-Country

By ZAY PHILBROOK

DRAWINGS BY DUDLEY G. SUMMERS

IT was mid-October when Hazen came to the TY ranch to board, a full month after the little white schoolhouse in District No. 4 had opened its door for the nine-month term and reclaimed the boys and girls from the ranches along Indian Creek. Up in Hazen's home country there would be no teacher that year. The little mountain ranches, new and far apart, could find no one willing to teach the school for five months at the poor salary that they offered; so Hazen and his schoolmates were boarded out in other districts. Mrs. Dawson agreed to keep Hazen. "He can sleep in the bunk house with the men," she said, "and I'll feel safer to have some one ride to school with Betty when winter comes."

So each morning before breakfast the boy fed and saddled Betty's little bay hackney, then did the same for his own old buckskin. And soon after sun-up they started across the hills, with old Buck meekly tailing the spirited hackney. In the starved days of his coltship the buckskin had never known ambition; now he was frankly worn out, and all the urging of Hazen's sturdy legs could

only force him into a moment's clumsy lope. Sometimes rebellion rose in the boy's heart. "She might just let me try Snip once," he would mutter to himself as Buck shuffled lazily along. But the thought had never occurred to Betty, fair-minded comrade that she generally was.

Thus it became an understood thing that Betty should have her gallop across the mesa and then wait for Hazen at the old ford, where she could dismount and hunt arrowheads among the circles of Indian stones or hide in some twisted cottonwood. Then together they followed the creek road, together they tied their horses at the hitching rail in the lee of the schoolhouse hill, and Betty held the lunch bags while Hazen pulled off her saddle and his own.

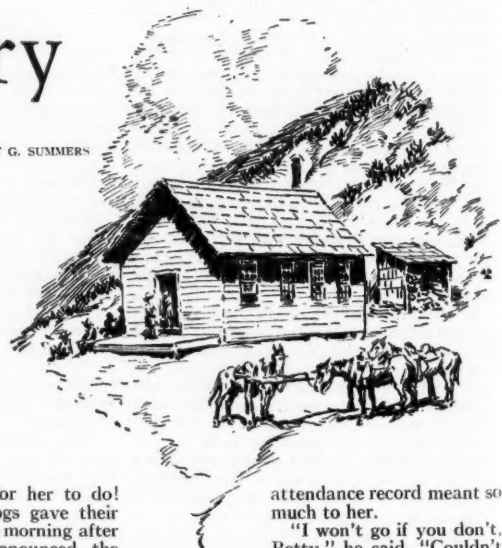
But at the schoolhouse door they parted. Not that Betty wished it so; her loyal heart could not understand the change that occurred when Hazen entered the building. In his life there had been little of tenderness. School had not been the happy place that Betty knew; there had been no welcome for the backward boy whose under-

paid teachers taught only through necessity, and to whom discipline ranked far above the joy of learning.

School was more of an agony than a joy to Hazen that first month; then slowly he learned how to study; slowly he awoke to the fact that Miss Lynne was glad when he knew the right answer, glad when he asked interested questions—actually glad that he had come to her school to make more work for her to do!

Then one day the sun dogs gave their storm warning. And the next morning after breakfast Mrs. Dawson pronounced the sentence. "You can't go today, Betty; there's no use talking about it. It's snowing too hard. Hazen can try it if he wants to, but you've got to stay home, so don't fuss."

Hazen looked across at Betty. Her mouth was rebellious, her eyes brimming over. Her



attendance record meant so much to her.

"I won't go if you don't, Betty," he said. "Couldn't Betty go if I'd take awfully

good care of her? She'll be willing to wrap up extra warm, won't you, Betty? Old Buck don't ever get off the trail, and we'll ride close together, and if it should get worse I promise you I'll get her home all right."

Mrs. Dawson hesitated and went to the door. Great heavy flakes caught against her dress, but down below the corrals she could see the men starting out to feed the cattle and farther away the dim outline of the hills.

"It isn't snowing so hard now, but the sky looks bad. Will you wear a sweater too, Betty, and promise to keep close to Hazen all the way?"

Betty agreed breathlessly and muffled herself in the wraps that she detested. Then Hazen was at the door with the horses, and they started up over the long white hills into the stillness of thickly falling snow, with Snip for once in the rear and Buck switching angrily whenever she crowded his heels in her eagerness. Looking back, Hazen laughed at Betty's dancing eyes peering out from the heavy folds of her muffler.

"I've got little white drifts all over me already, Hazen. And I'm so bundled up if I should fall off I'd just roll and roll before I could wiggle a hand or foot loose to stop myself. Oh, but the snow's heavy up here!"

Hazen agreed. "Buck's feet keep balling up bad. He's traveling on stilts in front now."

At last they reached the schoolhouse. "Why, we're early! Teacher's here,—I can see her pony,—but there aren't any others here yet."

Then as they crossed the yard they saw the blurred tracks where Mr. Sampson's wagon had come with the three Sampson children. Behind the schoolhouse a tiny woodshed jutted out from the steep hillside, and here Hazen tied the horses, loosening their cinches and bringing a piece of burlap from the shed to fasten over Betty's saddle.

"Run in and get warm, Betty. I'll bring Snip's bridle when I come. I just want to put teacher's horse here too out of the wind." But he shook his head when he found that teacher had left the horse bridled. "Didn't she know your bit would get awfully cold and frosty, Brownie?" And with his own lariat he tied the horse.

Truth to tell, the little teacher had been in a hurry that morning; after riding three miles in the face of the storm she could hardly start the school fire soon enough. Not until she saw Hazen hanging up her bridle behind the stove did she remember how her numb fingers had twisted Brownie's lines over the rail, with the promise to come back soon.

She had hardly thought they would have school that day, for the children were mainly little ones. On her way to school some one had hailed her from the Sampson ranch, and she had turned in to find messages that most of the children would not try to come.

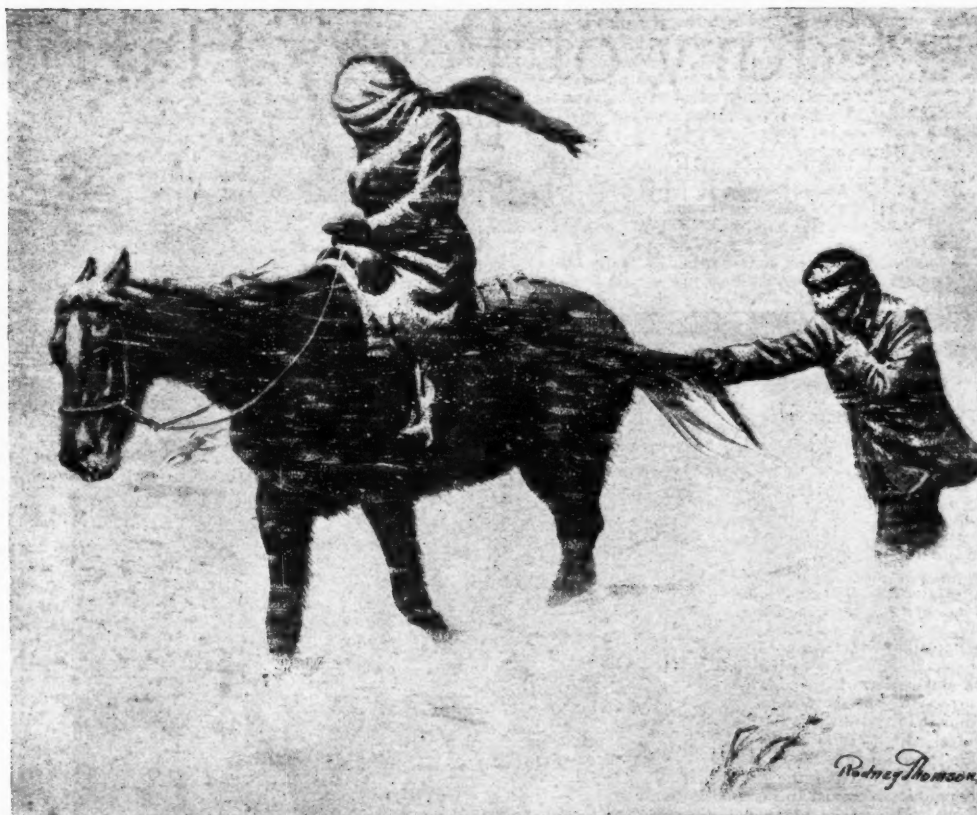
"Better turn around, Miss Lynne," Mr. Sampson had advised; "there won't be any children today. Come in and get warm before you start home."

But Miss Lynne shook her head resolutely. "Some child might come, and what if any of them should ride all that distance in this storm and then find the schoolhouse locked and cold! I'll make a fire there and wait an hour or two to be sure."

"Well, if you're going to do that, I guess I can hitch up and bring my youngsters down. Their mother has been having some job to keep them corralled as it is."

And then, while the wind howled outside and lashed the windows with a blur of whiteness the little teacher made it jolly for the five boys and girls. They could all take seats near the stove; there was room for all of them to write their lessons on the blackboard. There was even more delicious friendliness than usual in the group that gathered round Miss Lynne to eat lunch when she decreed a short session. But right in the midst of an exciting Eskimo story Hazen heard some one call. And the teacher turned from the door with the message, "Mr. Sampson has come for you. He thinks we had better close school for today and hurry home before the snow gets deeper."

While she helped to bundle the girls into their wraps Hazen went for the horses. Mr.



On the mesa top, the wind had full sweep in from desolate miles of Bad Lands

Sampson stood in his bobsled, beating great furry arms to warm himself.

"Going to be a bad one, Hazen. Betty come today? Wonder if she hadn't better pile in here and come home with my youngsters for the night?"

But both Hazen and Betty demurred. They had warm wraps, and they had promised Mrs. Dawson to come home together.

The storm met them with a sweeping wall of icy needles as they rounded the schoolhouse hill.

"Maybe you ought to have gone with them. It'll be a tough one all right."

"I can stand it as well as you can. Only I wish Snip wouldn't act so crazy. It makes her so fussy to go behind I don't know how we'll manage when we come to the steep part."

"I'll tell you, Betty. It won't be blowing so hard down at the ford, and we'll just change horses. Then I can get off and lead Snip over the worst of the trail if she bothers."

The transfer was made. Soberly the old buckskin began the steep climb, with low-hung head sniffing each step of the cautious way. Not so the bay; they were halfway up the hill when it occurred to her that this would be an excellent time to regain the lead. With a jump she crowded against the buckskin, shaking Betty severely. The boy pulled Snip back.

"You wait for me at the top, Betty. I'm going to get off and lead Snip up." Through the canvas gloves Hazen felt an icy coldness creeping over his hands, numbing his finger tips, and he twisted Snip's line over his arm the better to clutch his hands together for warmth.

It was hard to keep his footing, scrambling up through the deep snow with the eager mare surging almost atop him. Somehow he stumbled and went down, jerking Snip as he fell. The frightened mare pulled back; then as she felt her feet slipping she began plunging. Down they went, half-sliding, half-falling down the steep bank side, with Hazen alternately regaining a foot and bracing himself, then being dragged on by the now frenzied mare. Valiantly he clung to the rope till a sudden sagebrush caught his legs, wrenched him violently backward, then flung him forward into the snow—and the mare was free—free and before the boy could regain his feet out of sight, working her way homeward up the bed of the gulch.

It was hard for him to reach the trail, for the bank was very steep, with unexpected depths of snow into which he kept tumbling. But at last he stood on the narrow shelf, breathing hard and trying to hug his aching hands free from the growing numbness. Betty's voice came faintly back:

"Hazen! O Hazen!"

"I'm here. Tell you in a minute." He drew alongside, leaning against Buck's shoulder and shoving his hands under the saddle blanket for a moment till that icy clutch should leave his chest and let him breathe easier. "It's all right. Snip got away, but she'll go home. Buck won't carry double. You start him. I'll hold on to his tail and keep warm walking."

Snuggled into all her wraps, Betty had hardly felt the cold save for the way it caught her breath and stung her face. But Hazen knew what was coming.

"Lean down a minute, Betty. I'm going to pull that scarf all over your face, 'cause it'll be awful as soon as we get on top. Don't mind if you do get a bit dizzy, riding without seein'. You just hold on to the saddle and keep goin', no matter what happens."

He heard Betty's chuckle, muffled in the scarf; then he twisted Buck's hackamore rope securely about the saddlehorn and tucked the girl's coat about her. "Go on, Buck, I'm coming." And his right hand clutched into Buck's scrawny tail.

It was awful on the mesa top! The wind had full sweep in from desolate miles of Bad Lands, and it whipped remorselessly at the little group that crept into its very teeth. It coated them with ice; it beat the breath from them; above all with every stinging slap it shrieked the knowledge of how far they had to go, how uselessly they crept along before endurance should fail. Only the Indian blood in old Buck's heart kept them going. As for the boy who tumbled along behind, he tried hard to keep the ache of consciousness in his numbing fingers; then he let them stiffen in a clutch deep into the coarse, tangled hair, and they no longer bothered.

But the wind had very quickly found a way to push between him and the shelter of the horse; it hung a dead weight against his chest—a thing that he must lift with each stabbing breath, a thing that dragged beneath his feet, trying to trip him. The boy knew what it would mean to the whole community if suffering or death in the blizzard should come to dear Betty. As for himself, he would not matter much to anyone down here, except perhaps to teacher. And at the thought she seemed to be there, looking at him with a face so full of loving pride and confidence that he smiled back over the sob that was choking him. Of all the world she alone expected the best of him, and he could not fail her. She would know he had tried his hardest for her, and she would not stop loving him, even if he had to die alone up there in the snow of the mesa. And with the warmth of her love in his heart Hazen knew

what to do. The next time old Buck stopped for breath the boy stumbled round to Betty's side and pushed at her arm till she bent down close to his face.

"You've got to be a plucky girl, Betty, an' go on alone, 'cause I can't keep up with Buck. Just stay in the saddle an' kick him when he stops. I'll follow somehow. Go on, Buck!"

The old horse plowed on; a white curtain whipped in between them, and Hazen stood alone in the wild shrieking white world. For a few paces he followed them; then he could not tell which way old Buck's tracks led, for the storm so quickly wiped them out. Maybe, he thought, some one would come and find him if he stayed right on the trail; so for a time he trampled the snow and beat his arms. Then the sleety wind grew unbearable, and like a lost animal he huddled down into the drift.

All morning Mrs. Dawson had endeavored to call the Sampson ranch by telephone. At last she gave up; the wires must be down in the storm. Then she called the men in for an early dinner. "Henry, you've got to take one of the men and start right out after those children. I'm sick to death that I let Betty go. I don't know how it came that I let Hazen persuade me."

"Oh, I guess Hazen could make it all right, but maybe

Dick and I should ride out and break trail for them after we get a bite," the father answered easily.

Away from the ranch buildings rode the two men, following the trail along a pasture fence, down where the fury of the storm was somewhat broken by sheltering hills. And there they first made out a dim figure on the trail ahead, moving slowly toward them. Old Buck stopped at sight of them, whereupon the little bundled figure kicked desperately to start him.

"Why, Betty!" came her father's excited voice.

At the sound of it the little figure tumbled limply from the saddle into the nearest drift. It took some time to carry the girl to the house and warm her into full consciousness. But with her explanation the men started at once to find Hazen. With them went Betty's nondescript sheep dog, Sallie, and it was her nose that guided the men up in that mad whiteness to where Hazen lay huddled in the master's sheepskin coat that Mrs. Dawson had insisted he wear.

The snow lay in long white slopes round the ranch, but the warmth of a chinook wind was gently wiping its surface away when the teacher came to the TY ranch. Talking busily, Mrs. Dawson helped her to lay off her wraps, then led her to a little room that opened off the kitchen.

"The doctor says he's doing nicely, but if you could comfort him a bit about his hand. You know how it is; the children think a heap of what you say. And if you could tell him something that he could be thinking over while he lies there. He's awake now, I guess."

Never will Hazen forget the teacher's face as she came swiftly toward him, then dropped on her knees beside the bed and put both arms about him. For an instant she looked at him so, just as he had seen her in the storm; then her soft cheek was against his. He felt her sob, and he knew that her eyes were brimming with tears.

"Teacher, dear, it doesn't matter about my losing my hand; lots of folks write left-handed," he comforted her, daring to pat her arm.

Then she lifted her head and, still holding him, smiled back with a face that was all sunshine and smiles and tears. "Oh, you blessed little soldier, you! You'll be like lots of our boys that are using their left hands and making good better than ever. Handicaps don't truly hurt; they're just to prove you're worth more than ordinary folks. I'm not crying, Hazen. It's only that I'm so proud of you—prouder than of anybody in the whole world!"

The Glory of Peggy Harrison

By DAVID LORAINÉ and
ARTHUR FLOYD HENDERSON

IX. In New York Again

WHEN Peggy entered the room, Evan Crosby put his question to her. She looked at him in surprise, and he explained the failure of the Men and Women's League and its need for a permanent executive secretary. "Now what do you think of it?" he asked impulsively.

Peggy's eyes shone. Nobody could doubt what she thought of the opportunity. But she glanced doubtfully toward her father.

Henry Harrison smiled. "There's your answer," he said to Evan Crosby. "Read it in her eyes."

"But you and mother—" began Peggy.

"We'll get along fine." And, as if dismissing the subject, Henry Harrison pulled from the table drawer a bulky mass of yellow paper, in which he soon became absorbed.

Peggy looked at Evan Crosby for a long minute; then she said: "Mr. Crosby, it is wonderful of you to make me such an offer, and I should be ungrateful if I did not accept. But I am very ignorant; I know almost nothing about stores."

"You know about people," said Evan Crosby, with his boyish smile. "Just send me a line when you're ready to come; and the sooner the better." He stretched out his big, firm hand to her.

On a Saturday afternoon, two weeks later, Peggy again crossed the broad floor of the Grand Central Terminal, and again she felt the beauty, the magic of the vast building. This time, however, she could view the crowds with a feeling of safety, very different from her uncertainty when she had first arrived in New York, knowing nobody, so many weeks before. She had a position now—a chance to do useful work. The Mammoth Store needed her, and would pay her fifty dollars a week. She multiplied fifty by fifty-two in her head, as she went downtown in a Fourth Avenue trolley car. She knew how much she would be able to send home; she planned to repay Mr. Birdmanner in installments—perhaps ten dollars a week. Her eyes were shining when she rang Mrs. Schwartz's doorbell.

The kindly woman greeted her with amazement. "Back again!" she exclaimed. "And you have a job like that! Why, you oughtn't to come back to me; you ought to get a nice room and bath uptown."

"Of course not," smiled Peggy. "I want to stay with you as long as you will have me. You have been so good to me."

"I have a nice little room on the third floor, front," said Mrs. Schwartz. "You are welcome to it as long as you want it. And now, let me make you a cup of tea." She beamed at Peggy with genuine affection.

Peggy sat in a comfortable chair and looked out of her window, marveling at the cosmopolitan nature of the street. In her ears sounded the distant rumble and roar of an elevated train; when it passed, a block away, Mrs. Schwartz's windowpanes rattled faintly. All round was the never-ending thunder of the city—a sound that you can never quite analyze, never quite forget.

About five o'clock Peggy put on her hat and coat and crossed the street to Henry Birdmanner's lunch room. The little man jumped up as she entered, and off came his black felt hat in the usual courtly manner.

"Miss Peggy! Bless my heart, I'm glad to see you again!" He skipped forward in the way that was so surprising in a man of his years and clasped her outstretched hand. "You look—well, happier than when you went away."

"I am. Oh, I've so much news to tell you, Mr. Birdmanner—and all of it good!"

"That's the kind of news I like to hear." The little veteran rubbed his hands together. "Have a seat and let me set some rations in front of you. Next to hearing folks talk I like to see 'em eat—and best of all, I like to see

'em do both." He sat on the edge of his high stool, and his little black eyes were bright as he cocked his head, birdlike, on one side and waited for her to begin.

Peggy told him everything: how her father and brother were so much better, and how Jacob Swan and Clara Burns were engaged, and how Evan Crosby had motored to Millville.

"So he came after you, did he?" commented Henry Birdmanner. "Well, it does not surprise me a bit. When you said you'd lost your position I knew there was something queer about it, but I didn't like to press you for particulars."

"Now, about that loan," said Peggy; "I am going to pay you back ten dollars a week." But the little man held up his hand. He wouldn't let her continue. And suddenly, even as she was trying to do so, he jumped down off the stool and looked straight at her, as if a daring idea had just popped into his head.

"Would you be willing to do something for me, Miss Peggy?" he asked. "You would? Well, then, I'm going out for a little while. I'd like you to stay here and tend shop for me till I come back. Coffee's a dime, sandwiches are fifteen cents—but you

know the prices as well as I do. Here's an apron."

He tossed her an immaculately clean little apron, and with a puzzled smile she tied it around her waist. Henry Birdmanner was a bewildering little old man, but he had a way with him! If he wanted her to tend shop, she would do it. Where was he going? What was his object in rushing off? He put on his black hat and vanished; and Peggy went behind the counter and began—still smiling—to polish the knives and spoons. A middle-aged, prosperous-looking man came in and ordered tea and toast. He inquired, in a strongly English accent, for the proprietor and seemed disappointed when Peggy told him that Mr. Birdmanner had gone out. Two young women came next and ordered coffee and sandwiches; a newsboy followed, and devoured the jelly roll that Peggy set before him with a smile. She was thrilled with the novelty of it, and she watched these customers closely while they ate and drank. It was plain to her that they missed Mr. Birdmanner; evidently they were all his intimate friends, people who cared more for him than for the food he placed before them.

"Sorry the old man ain't in," said the

newsboy, as he paid Peggy for the jelly roll.

"Yes," she breathed, as the boy turned away, "if Henry Birdmanner hadn't a cent to his name, he would be rich just the same—he would be rich in friends."

The little lunch room emptied itself at last, and Peggy sat looking out of the window. She hardly saw the people who passed, she was meditating so hard on this curious experience—but presently she felt that some one was looking at her. To her surprise she recognized the woman outside, who had paused to look in. It was the severe, flat figure of Dora Gribble, with a black briefcase under her arm. Hurrying home to her apartment, Miss Gribble had evidently caught sight of Peggy through the window. The temptation to enjoy a brief moment of triumph had been too strong to resist. Miss Gribble stared at the girl whom she had discharged from the Mammoth; stared in a way that clearly showed she was glad to see Peggy reduced to serving coffee and sandwiches at a tiny little "hole in the wall" lunch room.

She walked stiffly away as soon as Peggy returned her glance. Peggy watched her with sympathy; this woman's soul was starved, she was cold and unsympathetic, and she must be lonesome—for how could such a person have many friends?

The door opened and in hopped Henry Birdmanner, and beside him Mrs. Schwartz. The good woman was dressed in shiny purple, as if for a party, and there was a holiday look in her eyes. "Sorry to be so long," said the little veteran, "but I had to wait in the parlor while Mrs. Schwartz put on her best clothes; she would wear 'em."

"But what does it all mean?" inquired Peggy.

"Oh, just a little reception," he said. "Afternoon tea. I'm going to lock the door awhile, and both of you are to come up with me on the elevator." He saw her puzzled expression and chuckled as he opened a narrow little door behind the counter. "I'm eighty-five," he said, "and the stairs were getting too high for me, so I had this little elevator put in."

It was a tight squeeze, but all three of them managed to get inside; and when Henry Birdmanner closed the sliding door and pressed a button the elevator took them swiftly to the top floor of the building. They followed a short hallway and came to a beautifully carved teakwood door. Henry Birdmanner rapped on it three times, and it opened—and a Chinaman in a neat white serving jacket bowed low before them. Peggy gasped. Mrs. Schwartz remained perfectly calm; she had been to Mr. Birdmanner's receptions before.

"This is Kung," said he, with a wave of his hand toward the slender Oriental. "He is my servant, but more than that; he is my friend; we have been brothers in arms ever since I pulled him out of the Yellow River thirty-seven years ago."

Peggy's eyes were roving round the room. It was more like a room in Hongkong or Peking than anything she had dreamed existed within five minutes' walk of Washington Square. The walls were draped with watered silk of a saffron hue. The floor was covered with one superb Chinese rug; and all three windows were hung with green silk curtains.

Kung was gentle and loyal to his finger tips. He brought delicious tea, from the gardens in China once sacred to the Emperor. The cups, of blue porcelain, were almost as thin as egg-shells. Henry Birdmanner poured the tea, and Kung hovered near-by to anticipate every want. There was a faint fragrance in the air, not incense, but an indescribable odor of sandalwood and Chinese tea and ginger—the fragrance of the Orient itself.

When they had finished the tea, Henry



DRAWN BY DUDLEY G. SUMMERS

"Miss Harrison," he said, "would you let me call on you tomorrow?"

Birdmanner jumped up. "All the things in this room," he said, "are remembrances of my business days in China. I was there for nearly forty years after I was mustered out of the army. But come next door and see my 'headquarters.'"

This was an even larger room, furnished in stately black walnut and mahogany, with a huge fireplace in which stood a Franklin stove. Above it were crossed sabres and a pair of spurs; and here and there on the walls were framed engravings of the Civil War and two or three autograph letters. Peggy looked at one of them and was thrilled to see that it had been written to Henry Birdmanner by General Grant.

"I was the 'bearer' he wrote about," said Henry Birdmanner. "I was doing some special duty just at that time. I'll tell you about it some day." He stood with evident enjoyment as Peggy ran from object to object, looking now at his beautiful books, now at a long row of small, valuable things on the mantel shelf.

"It's wonderful," she said at last, when the time came to leave. "I have no experience, of course, but all these things—all this furniture and everything—must be worth a fortune! I can't understand why—"

She broke off in confusion. She had been going to say that she couldn't understand why the owner of all this luxury could possibly want to spend his time in the tiny lunch room on the street floor, serving shop-girls and newsboys and everybody else who came. She felt that the remark would be impertinent, and she bit her lip. But Henry Birdmanner, as usual, read her thoughts.

"Bless you," he said, "nothing is so pathetic as an old man who hasn't anything to do. My dear wife died long ago, and I've outlived all my old friends, too. I'd far rather be downstairs, meeting young people and being some help to them, than just to sit up here in my rooms, with nothing to think of but my memories."

Sunday was a quiet day. Peggy went to church in the morning and rode round Riverside Drive on a bus in the afternoon. Early Monday morning she reported to Evan Crosby at the Mammoth.

And then began weeks of slow, anxious but always exciting adjustment to the ways of the great store. Peggy was given a tiny office on the third floor. She shared a stenographer with Miss Wilson, one of the

executives of the Training School. The stenographer, Miss Loretta Riley, was a small, ambitious girl with black hair and eyes; she did everything possible to make Peggy feel at home. And Miss Wilson was friendly, too.

Peggy started on the very first morning to attend her classes. She learned the rudiments of selling; she found that an almost endless mass of routine was inevitable, and that great engineers had designed the whole building to make things go smoothly. Ten-ton delivery trucks were carried up and down on huge "jumbo" elevators inside the building; packages were carried downstairs in chutes and were sorted on immense revolving tables; the store maintained great warehouses for merchandise in Long Island City and in Hoboken, and had garages and delivery depots in a dozen suburban towns. For the first three months Peggy felt hopelessly ignorant. But she knew intuitively that the very simplest things would help her. She could be punctual in the morning, and she could remain after closing time at night; she could always be neat and smiling, and eager to do more than she was asked; she could study in the evenings; and she could ask questions and make notes.

She did all these things. She had once read in a magazine this bit of homely advice: "Learn to like people, and people will soon learn to like you." It was hardly necessary for Peggy to know this, but she remembered it at moments when her patience was sorely tried by the apparent stupidity or indifference of the people round her. Tempers grow frayed in the pressure of work at a big store like the Mammoth. Peggy learned to master her temper; and as the weeks went by, dozens and even hundreds of the Mammoth's people began to know and to like her.

Evan Crosby's interest in her never flagged; he was always kind and helpful. He began after a while to ask her for suggestions. "You still have the outside point of view," he would say. "That's what we need more. We are apt to grow near-sighted, studying our own problems so intensely. Tell me what you'd do if you were still a customer. Where is our system falling down?"

And the girl, using her native good sense, was directly responsible for many changes that were made in the store. For instance, it was her suggestion that abolished the store lunch room for employees, transferring it to the Mammoth Club headquarters three

blocks away, because Peggy had noticed that few of the girls and men left the building at all from morning until evening, and were accordingly starving for fresh air. The store physician backed up her suggestion; and a noticeable improvement in general health and "pep" was noticed. It was Peggy, too, who was indirectly responsible for installing cash registers everywhere, instead of the cumbersome old "tube system" of making change. This speeded up purchasing, and made more money for the salespeople and more comfort for the customers. It was Peggy, too, who persuaded the general manager's efficiency experts that small purchases need not be wrapped. "People want to buy quickly," she said. "It is absurd to make them stand waiting while we put paper and string on little things they want to slip into their handbags instantly."

And it was Peggy—but this came long afterward—who convinced Evan Crosby that the Mammoth was not an agent for manufacturers but for its own customers—a purchasing agent and not a selling agent. It is impossible in this brief narrative to tell what this change meant. For one thing, when Mr. Alan Crosby and Mr. Daniel Crosby and Mr. Evan Crosby began to study its possibilities, and when Mr. Barnham Beal began to write advertisements about it, there appeared a notice that everyone should save his or her Mammoth sales checks, because they would be redeemable for cash at the end of the year. "This store is in partnership with its customers," wrote Barnham Beal. "If we have a prosperous year, we will share our prosperity with you. Watch on December 31st for our declaration of annual dividend." It was an amazing stroke. People went to the Federal City Bank with bundles of Mammoth sales checks or receipts, and the bank cashed them at three per cent. A fad for saving these checks swept the city; newspapers commented on them, gravely in the editorial columns, and humorously in cartoons. Every store craves publicity, and now the Mammoth had it overwhelmingly. Customers thronged its huge main floor, jammed its elevators, swarmed in eddying mobs about its special sales counters. Yet the "Millville Idea" still worked. The salespeople kept cheerful, no matter how great the rush; whole relays of fresh workers were hurried to places where the throngs were

thickest; and their friendliness and desire to help proved contagious. The customers smiled, waited on themselves as much as possible, carried parcels home with a laugh instead of complaining about slow deliveries.

Barnham Beal, growing more interested all the time, assumed the editorship of "The Mammoth Messenger," which had been the store's magazine for employees. His first step was to abolish it, and then to bring it out again, once a month, as a full page in the daily newspapers. People everywhere read it with enthusiasm. Barnham Beal had a way with him. His editorials and personal news items and write-ups of the doings at the Mammoth rang true.

And Peggy, serving the Mammoth Club as secretary, felt as the months grew into years that no occupation is more complex or more fascinating than storekeeping. She knew she was only a small cog in a very big machine. Her salary was raised, after a year; but she knew, with an inward smile, that her old ambition to make a fortune and buy "Pemberton's Folly" for her father and mother and little brother had been a preposterous one. Young girls do not make fortunes in business. But the Harrisons were now living in a comfortable apartment across the street from Jacob Swan's drug-store; and Henry Harrison was happily at work on a book; and the debt to Henry Birdmanner was paid in full.

On the whole, Peggy was content. Faster and faster, as it seemed to her, the years slipped away. Four years. Five. Six and a half. That brought her to a Thanksgiving season, when huge jack-o'-lanterns hung from the store walls.

She was trudging across the street floor, very tired, an hour after closing time on the day before Thanksgiving. A man appeared in the far distance, walking toward her. She looked at him without interest, wondering if it was another belated worker. With a flash of interest, she realized that it was Evan Crosby. "Miss Harrison," he said, "would you let me call on you tomorrow?"

That was all. The words were simple enough; but Evan Crosby had never previously asked for such permission. She looked at him steadily. Something told her that tomorrow would bring strange fortune—and she did not know whether she would welcome it or not.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

The Adventures of William Tucker

By GEORGE HALSEY GILLHAM



DRAWINGS BY RODNEY THOMSON

I'll never forget how John looked as he came out from under that waterspout

VI. A Strange Host

WE had created so much excitement in Helena and were being so much talked about that the next morning we began at once to do a thriving business. John and Hicks ran the store while Charley and I hurried uptown to lay in a new

stock. Our goods were running low and in some lines our stock was exhausted. Charley's father had given him a letter to show to the wholesalers when we wished to purchase. I think this letter was of great value to us. Mr. Kerr had told us to do business in each town and every landing just as if we expected to remain in that town or landing all the rest of our lives. We did not forget this and were as polite and square with all with whom we dealt as we knew how to be.

We decided to add to our stock a line of standard drugs and leading patent medicines. We visited a wholesale drug house and bought what we thought we could sell. After replenishing our other lines, we bought a secondhand ice box and had it sent aboard. There had been such a strong demand at every landing for "ice-cold soda pop" that we thought we could use two ice boxes. We bought a lot of soda pop and put two hundred pounds of ice in each box.

Every merchant gave us a discount for cash, and we had everything rushed down to the Ocean Queen.

During our stay in Helena we had been assisted by a young negro named Abe Polk.

He was very capable and bright and as strong as a circus actor. After consultation with the other members of our party, I asked Abe if he would like to go down the river with us to New Orleans. Without a moment's hesitation he answered:

"Yes, sir."

That afternoon we shoved off with our flags flying, bound for Vicksburg and way landings. We had a fresh supply of groceries, meats and vegetables; we had made a lot of money, and we had all received letters from home; so we were very happy.

Soon after we left Helena we came to a long lake, which may have been a part of the Mississippi River at one time. It was connected with the river by a narrow passage and wound back into the dense forests. There were one or two houses on the river bank and several shanty boats in the lake tied to trees. We worked the Ocean Queen through the passage, made her fast to the bank, and decided to go hunting.

We left the Ocean Queen in charge of Hicks and Abe and told them we would be back before night. Out into the great forest of hardwood and pine, in Indian file, we tramped. We took the little axe with us and blazed the trees as we went along; otherwise we might have been hopelessly lost in fifteen minutes.

There were plenty of squirrels. We shot at a number and killed two. Then we suddenly came to a road winding among the trees. Our curiosity was excited, and we agreed to follow the road. John cut a big blaze on a tree so that we would know where to turn off to get back to the Ocean Queen.

We followed the road for perhaps three quarters of a mile, and were astonished when

we came to a big clearing full of the finest corn I ever saw in my life. We pushed on round the cornfield, and there in a beautiful grove was a house that would have been a credit to any city street. It was a two-story house with gable windows. There was a large porch in front, with great round columns. There were a number of small outhouses. We stood and gazed and listened. Not a sound was to be heard except the thumping of a woodpecker on a dead limb. We ventured a little nearer, and still no dogs ran out to bark at us. We could not understand this mysterious house with no dogs to guard it.

We decided that there must be some one in the house; we would walk boldly up to the front door and ask for a drink of water, and then John could put some questions.

Up we went—up real stone steps to a real stone porch, to a big, fine front door, which was standing wide open. We knocked and looked as serious as possible, but got no answer. Charley took out his big knife and knocked on the doorpost until the sound reverberated in the stillness of the woods, but there was no response. Then I discovered a doorbell. I rang it, but no one answered. We held another conference, and all started round to the back door. We knocked and pounded, but only the woodpecker answered.

Charley said he was going in to see what was in the house. With him in the lead and our gun and knives and axe ready we cautiously tiptoed up the back steps and entered the open door.

It was the strangest room my eyes had ever rested on. The floor was covered a foot deep in places with trash and rubbish of all kinds—shavings, wires, leather, etc. There were a great many strange-looking wires and ropes hanging from holes in the ceiling. All these ropes had handles of wood, plush or

leather, and came down to the right height for a man to reach. The ceiling was all sawed and cross-sawed into many trapdoors of some kind. There was a cooking stove in one corner.

Charley got up on a chair, caught hold of one of the plush handles, and gave a hard jerk. The result was like seventeen alarms of fire and a couple of earthquakes. A trapdoor flew open, and the air was simply filled with stove wood, which came tumbling down with the worst racket anyone ever heard. We shot out of that back door like a varsity football team going over the goal line for a touch-down. John fell down and tore his pants, and I stepped on Charley's hand. We hit the ground running and did not stop until we were out in the back yard behind a little out-house. We looked round to see if anybody was after us. But no, the stillness was the same, and no one appeared on the scene.

"Maybe it's an insane asylum," said John, as he peeped round the corner.

We also peeped through the cracks of the little building behind which we had taken shelter and saw it was filled with strange and mysterious machinery.

Opening the gun, Charley took the squirrel cartridges out and loaded both barrels with buckshot cartridges. Then we tiptoed round to the front door and went in.

Here we found a handsome room, with all the wall space covered with books as high as a very tall man could reach. There was a fine carpet on the floor, and there were easy chairs and everything to suggest comfort and refinement. We passed into what was evidently the dining-room. It was handsomely furnished, but many things in it were of peculiar design and strange make. The dining-table was round; we discovered that a panel in the middle of it worked on a pivot and would spin like a top. If you were seated in a chair at one side of the table and desired something on the other side, all you had to do was to give the inner table a spin. There was an outer circle of about eighteen inches that remained stationary.

We went upstairs into two bedrooms. They were in a disorderly condition, and it did not look as if a woman had ever made up those beds. The covers were homemade quilts, and the sheets were cotton homespun.

We wandered back downstairs. All three of us were in the dining-room spinning the table, when we heard the front door shut and heard footsteps. I know my heart was right up in my throat. Charley, still holding the gun, dashed for a closet, which had some green cloth curtains hanging in front of it all the way down to the floor. I followed Charley. John hesitated. The footsteps approached the dining-room and I thought John was lost, but he gave a dart for the closet and jumped behind the curtains with us just as the door from the front room opened.

I held my breath, but through the crack in the curtains I could see the man who had just entered. He was more than six feet tall and had very thick black hair and piercing little black eyes, which twinkled and jumped about. His face was shaven clean, except for a moustache of moderate proportions. He was perspiring freely, and was evidently hot. He wore a homespun shirt, homespun trousers and very large shoes, which looked homemade too.

John whispered to me: "I think he's a lunatic."

I looked at those long, bony hands and imagined how easily he could choke me to death. My throat began to get dry. I gulped and my knees trembled.

The big man rose from the chair in which he had seated himself and started directly for our closet. I looked at John and Charley. Even in the half light of the closet I could see that both were as white as a sheet. But he stopped just at one side of the closet and got a towel, or something of the kind, and walked out into the middle of the room and wiped the perspiration off his neck.

Then he went across the room to a little cabinet and took something out of it. As he faced about, I was simply frozen with terror to see in his hand a great revolver. He must have seen us and was just taking his time about our execution. Probably he had been watching us all the time as we spun his dining-table. So it seemed to us.

He sat down and began to work with his big pistol. He was evidently getting it ready. I would have given everything I had in the world to be out of that house.

Charley was as white as alabaster; he whispered to us to stay behind the curtain, and said he was going out to face that man. He cocked both barrels of his gun very carefully, so as not to make a "click," got all



The result was like seventeen alarms of fire and a couple of earthquakes

ready, knocked the curtain aside, stepped out and said:

"Good evening."
The big man rose and looked puzzled. Charley began to talk, and he talked fast, too, and was very polite. He introduced himself and explained that he was from Memphis. The big man smiled and said:

"And so you are from Memphis. I know your father very well. Have a seat, Mr. Kerr."

Charley gave a furtive glance at the closet and stammered: "I—I—er—you see, mister, I have a couple of friends with me—er—yes, sir—right here in the closet. You know, sir, we didn't know anyone lived in this house."

Charley stepped over and uncovered us. We marched forth. The cause of all our fright advanced to meet us with a most kindly smile and an outstretched hand, saying: "My name is Drury—Z. Wellington Drury. Have seats, gentlemen."

My heart began to go back down where it belonged.

We explained as best we could how we happened to be in the closet. Mr. Drury seemed to understand us thoroughly and was glad to see us. He saw that we thought he led a queer life.

"I have always felt," he said, "that this section was making a great mistake to raise only corn, cotton, sugar cane and rice, and to buy from a great distance nearly everything we use. I contended that the South was capable of supplying the raw material and also capable of manufacturing everything we need and use. To demonstrate this theory, I came out here into this wild country and built my home. Everything you see about you is of raw material from this section and has been made on the premises. If you will come with me I'll show you some of my manufactures and labor-saving devices." He took us into the kitchen. "You see, gentlemen," he said, "I have been so unfortunate as to remain all my life without a wife. For that reason I generally attend personally to my domestic necessities and have tried to have things arranged as conveniently as possible.

"For instance, I have this half-barrel full of corn cobs, with pieces of wire inserted in the pith. When I rise on a cold morning, and wish a fire at once, all I have to do is to grasp a wire and dip the cob in this can

of coal oil, reach up here to the match box, strike a match and light the kerosene-saturated cob. This makes one of the most efficient and most economical torches I have seen. I place the torch in the stove, dump some kindling and wood on top and at once have a roaring fire. The cobs cost me nothing, and I save the wires to be used over and over again. You will notice these are very large cobs. I am proud of my corn. I was, in fact, ploughing my corn when you gentlemen arrived.

"Now I will show you how I procure my fuel, when desired. I observe that I already have quite a supply of stove wood,—I did not know I had so much in the room,—but I will demonstrate for you. In the summer, my negro man, Sambo, cuts the stove wood and by means of a pulley, a rope and a mule pulls the wood up to the storage room above, where it is arranged in regular lots on a series of trapdoors. When I pull this rope the door falls and gives me a supply of wood."

He pulled, and another cloud of stove wood came thundering down, as we backed off as far as possible.

He then took us into the yard and showed us his steam engine and boiler, which were connected by a system of belts and wheels with all his shops, which were close by. He used pine wood from the adjacent forest to fire the boiler. He had a small sawmill, a turning lathe and a planer. There were also a small grist mill and a flour mill. He grew his own wheat and made his own flour. There were likewise a blacksmith shop and a shoe and harness shop. In a separate room were an old-fashioned spinning-wheel and all the implements for making homespun cloth from cotton and wool. On the other side of the engine room was a one-stand cotton gin.

As we walked back to the house, Mr. Drury again told us he had done business with Charley's father for a number of years. He said he was much pleased and honored to have this visit from us, and invited us to spend the night with him.

We did not like to worry Hicks by our absence, but as it was getting dark we accepted the invitation.

Charley brought out our two squirrels and Mr. Drury broiled them both at once in a big homemade wire broiler and cooked a lot of other supper. We sat down to the

round, revolving table, but we did not tell Colonel Drury we knew how to work it. We pretended to be much interested when he "demonstrated" it for us.

After supper we all went into the big front room where all the books were kept and had a most interesting conversation. Mr. Drury got down some interesting books, and read to us, and showed us pictures, but finally we got sleepy.

He took us upstairs and made a pretense of making up the beds, at the same time admitting that housekeeping was not one of his strong points. He said he would sometimes put dinner on the stove, get to reading a book and let the dinner burn. To avoid trouble of this kind he had invented several automatic cooking appliances, which he said he would demonstrate for us in the morning.

It did not take us long to undress; and John was the first in bed. There was a large wooden homemade frame over the bed for the purpose of holding the mosquito bar in proper position. It could be lowered and raised so as to be out of the way in the daytime. There was a rope with one of those plush handles hanging down by the wall, right alongside the bed.

"You pull this to let down the mosquito bar," said John.

"You'd better watch out," said Charley, who had had experience with ropes with plush handles. "You don't know what that thing will turn loose."

"Ah, you can see right there where it is connected with the frame of the bar. I'll show you how it works."

Lying flat on his back in the bed, in his night clothes, John gave a hard jerk on the plush handle. Instantly about seventeen buckets of water came down on top of him, nearly drowning him, while the ceiling of the entire room began to sprinkle and squirt streams of water. John came out from under the waterspout, his eyes shut, gasping for breath. There was no let-up to the flood. It just continued to pour down as if the bottom of some lake had dropped out.

Mr. Drury came running upstairs. He stood on a chair, and turned some valve, and the water ceased to flow. Instead of being angry, he seemed really pleased at this "demonstration" of one of his homemade contraptions.

We three stood there shivering, while Mr.

Drury stood on the chair and explained to us how the system worked.

"You see, gentlemen," he said, "as my residence has not the protection of any city fire apparatus, I was compelled to devise a system of protection myself. There is a large tank on top of the house which Sambo keeps full of water at all times. I have a system of large pipes leading from this tank and running into the rooms all over the house. The valves shutting the openings in these pipes are kept closed by ropes, which are fastened down to eyelets. The valves are controlled by springs, so that if a fire starts anywhere in the house, in my absence, as soon as one of these ropes burns in two the valves fly open and the flood descends and extinguishes the conflagration. When you released the rope it flew up, and the valves were opened. This is a demonstration, gentlemen, that the system begins to operate either by fire or by hand."

No scientific gentleman ever had a wetter audience. After this explanation Mr. Drury

got down off the chair and led us across the hall to a dry bedroom, where he gave each of us one of his top shirts in lieu of a night shirt. I think he was secretly pleased at the prompt and efficient response from his fire system. As the house was not plastered, but ceiled with planks, no damage was done.

We got to bed, and none of us would have pulled another rope in that house for a thousand dollars.

In the morning when we awoke Sambo had breakfast ready. As we appeared in the dining-room, Mr. Drury came down the stairs dressed in his Sunday clothes. He wore a wine-colored broadcloth suit, with a black velvet collar. His trousers seemed to me a little too long, but he looked very fine and acted the part of a gentleman, which he was.

"If you will step in the kitchen for a moment," he said, "I will demonstrate one of the devices I mentioned last night as saving me trouble when I try to cook and read at the same time. Now, I will ask you

gentlemen your preference as to boiled eggs. Do you prefer three-minute eggs, or four-minute eggs, or hard-boiled eggs?"

We all said we preferred three-minute eggs.

"All right. You see I place the eggs in this wire basket, which is attached to this iron rod, fastened on a pivot to work like a seesaw. You observe that the weight of the eggs immediately causes them to descend into this pot of boiling water. On the other end of the seesaw you notice this large tin can. Above the can is this glass funnel (which I got out of a doctor's office in Vicksburg). I take a cupful of sand out of this box and pour it into the funnel until it fills to the line marked here, as you see, 'three minutes.' That much sand will run out of the funnel in three minutes, and at that exact moment the weight of the sand becomes sufficient to make the seesaw tip. The can of sand goes down, and the eggs come up out of the water."

We all expressed our admiration for this

automatic egg boiler. I felt in my own mind that, if Mr. Drury were reading, the eggs would get stone cold, but I said nothing about that.

When we returned to the dining-room, Mr. Drury reached in the cabinet and took out that awful pistol—the same one with which we thought at one time we were to be murdered.

"Here is a firearm upon which I have spent much thought and labor. I am endeavoring to make an automatic pistol, which will fire rapidly and with accuracy. It is not yet perfected. In fact, if I am not mistaken, I was working on the pistol when you gentlemen announced your presence."

He smiled, and we scraped the floor with our feet, but had nothing to say.

Next morning, with many a smile at the peculiarities of our strange host, we floated down the big river to new and even stranger adventures.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

The Boxer Uprising

A Story of Heroic Courage

By REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D.

[Dr. Clark, president of the World's Christian Endeavor Union—and formerly president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor—has traveled extensively in the interest of his work. Five times he has made the trip round the world. In 1900 he was in China, and so was able to view at close range events of the Boxer Uprising, which he describes in this article.]

THE year 1900, like the year 1914, was one of the epochal years of the world's history. To be sure, it did not affect western nations so disastrously, for the storm-centre was not Europe or America. But it began the process that led to the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty, which had ruled China for hundreds of years.

It so happened that I was called to address various Christian Endeavor meetings in Japan and China in the early months of 1900, and unexpectedly found myself on the edge of events.

It was at Tientsin that we first learned the real seriousness of the situation. It had been an exceedingly dry winter and spring, and the peasants, from which class the Boxers were largely recruited, were unable to plough and cultivate the flint-like soil.

So at the prayer meeting held on the evening of our arrival special petitions were offered by several missionaries that, if it were God's will, the rains, long overdue, might not fail. Our joy was great when before the meeting was over the pattering raindrops seemed to show that the prayers were already answered.

But, though the rain did some good, it was not sufficient to set all to work, or else the rage of the Boxers had waxed too hot to be cooled by little drops of water. We learned that their long pent-up anger had been excited and blown to a white heat by many years of aggression and contempt by foreigners, and now threatened to come to a head in a bloody but futile and childish rebellion.

Then, too, the terrible power of false propaganda was invoked by the Boxer leaders to inflame still more the already sore hearts of the ignorant masses. They were told that the foreign doctors made medicine from the gouged-out eyes of little children. Another story, commonly believed, was that in building their railways the foreigners buried a Chinese baby under every sleeper. No wonder the credulous Chinese called us all "foreign devils."

Yet many of the officials did not recognize any serious danger. Our American minister, Mr. Conger, a delightful gentleman, who presided at one of the meetings I was asked to address, assured me that he had no fear of an uprising; and Mrs. Conger, who had just had an audience with the wily old Empress, declared that Her Majesty was a fine lady who would never think of doing foreigners

any harm. She showed us a lovely ring set with an enormous pearl and some rare silks that the Empress had given her.

It was a curious state of affairs. The members of the secret society of Boxers were known to be practicing their gymnastics in every open square of the city, and yet no arrests were made, for no overt acts of violence had been committed. Many foreigners regarded the whole thing as child's play,—big cry and little wool.

The Boxers, too, at that time were not all unfriendly. I remember that one of them came to the mission where we were staying, and offered to bring his particular band that they might go through with their exercises and incantations, in the mission compound. I myself saw them practicing in a square near by.

I was impressed with the calmness and serenity of the missionaries of Peking in those exciting days. They came and went as usual. Even at night the women of the missions would ride in from the suburbs on their bicycles, many miles, to attend the meetings. There was not a "Miss Much-Afraid" among them.

After a few days in Peking we went on to Paotingfu, a hundred miles by rail from the capital. This was one of the hot centres of Boxerism. Here were three missions: the American Board (Congregational), the Presbyterian mission, and a small contingent of the China Inland Mission.

For the most part we stayed in the American Board compound, whose force then consisted of the Rev. Horace Pitkin, Miss Mary Morrill and Miss Anna Gould. Pitkin was a recent Yale graduate, an all-round man if there ever was one; tall, stalwart, handsome,—a fine scholar and athlete.

Miss Morrill and Miss Gould, both devoted women and faithful missionary workers, came from Portland, Maine.

Mr. Pitkin had applied to the government for a guard of soldiers, since threats of violence filled the air on every side. The guard

was promptly sent and consisted of half a dozen ragged, weedy, infantrymen, with antiquated guns.

They were quartered in a small building on one side of the compound. Mr. Pitkin told them they must fire their guns at nine o'clock every evening to let us know they were on their job. This they did for two or three nights, but one night, at the usual hour, we missed the salute. When taken to task the next morning for their carelessness they excused themselves because they had no powder. The next night also we heard no guns, and the lame excuse, sulkily given, was that they had no wadding. This redoubtable guard were doubtless Boxers themselves, or in league with the Boxers.

One day we all went over to the Presbyterian compound for a meeting. Coming back my little son and I rode in a Chinese cart,—a horrible, springless instrument of torture,—while to Mrs. Clark was assigned, for her greater comfort, a sedan chair with four bearers. The cart broke down, as was not unusual, and we were late in getting back to the mission house, and found that there was considerable consternation because Mrs. Clark had not yet arrived. Some missionaries were dispatched to find her, and after an hour of anxious waiting she got back with her four evil-looking bearers. She told us that they had set her down on the way, unceremoniously, lit their pipes and indulged in various pointed and uncomplimentary remarks at her expense, as she could tell by their looks and gestures.

Another side of the Chinese character was shown on this little excursion by the number of long-queued Celestials whom we met, each carrying in a cage a bird, which they were giving an airing as they walked by the riverside. Others were flying kites, and still others sent off pigeons, to whose feathers were attached several light whistles curiously made of bamboo. Truly, the Chinaman was a strange character in those days, airing his birds, flying his kites, and at the same

time plotting murder for all foreigners.

The next morning, to meet other appointments, we left Paotingfu by a very early train. A few days later the railway was torn up, and there was no getting in or out of Paotingfu. Then came the massacre.

The last sight we saw there was the stalwart form of Horace Pitkin, waving his white hat to us as the train moved off. On account of the precarious health of the little Horace, Jr., Mrs. Pitkin shortly before had gone back to America with the baby, and we were doubtless the last white people, aside from his colleagues, whom the noble missionary saw before the great tragedy.

The Presbyterian mission was first attacked; the buildings were set on fire, the fathers and mothers were slaughtered before the very eyes of their children, who in their turn met death as bravely as their parents. Then the two China Inland missionaries shared the same fate, and the Boxers, rendered more furious by the blood already spilled, turned to the American Board compound.

Mr. Pitkin was shot as he tried to defend the two women of the mission. His body was buried in a shallow trench and lay there until the following September, when the allied troops reached Paotingfu and gave it Christian burial. While the soldiers were digging his grave they found a little note addressed to Mrs. Pitkin in America. It read, I am told, something as follows:

"My dear wife:

The end has come. The Boxers are all around us. No escape is possible. This is my last request. Train up our little boy Horace for God's service, and when he is twenty-five years old send him out here to take up the work I must lay down."

Was anything more bravely pathetic ever penned?

Miss Morrill and Miss Gould were led by the Boxers through a long street to a heathen temple. Just how they suffered martyrdom I do not know, but there were plenty of witnesses to the dauntless courage of these women. Thoughtful and considerate of others to the very end, they gave away what small coins they had to the little beggars who swarmed along the way. Miss Morrill especially impressed all onlookers with her serene courage, as she talked to her captors of Him who in like circumstances prayed, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."



FACT AND COMMENT



The Permanent Court of International Justice, commonly called the World Court. The fifth judge from the right is the American, John Bassett Moore

SELF-CONCEIT is an affection that blinds us to the merits of others as well as to our own defects.—From the Youth's Companion, September 30, 1829.

Some keep the Road with both Eyes shut
Because they travel in a Rut.

LONDON REPORTS that a Spanish engineer named Juan de la Ciera has invented a "helicopter-ornithopter" which at a recent test rose to a height of a thousand feet almost vertically and landed at a speed of less than twenty miles an hour. If later experiments confirm the possibilities of this machine, it may well mark one of the greatest advances in aeronautics since the Wright brothers made their historic flight at Kitty Hawk.

TWO GOOD ARGUMENTS in favor of prohibition, even with the present uncertainty of enforcement, have emerged of late. Secretary Hoover does not hesitate to give part of the credit for the increased efficiency of labor, which has kept wages up while prices have tended downward, to the disappearance of the saloon. And Doctor Hoffman, the foremost health statistician in the country, points out that the mortality rate from Bright's disease has diminished twenty per cent since 1917, a result that he attributes to the diminished use of liquor.

"WILLIAM JAMES, the American philosopher, has helped me in my career," declares the Italian dictator Mussolini. "He taught me that acts should be judged by results rather than by their essential character. From him I learned to put my faith in action and in that flaming determination to live and struggle to which Fascism owes so much of its success." What would William James have to say to this? Would he enjoy having the responsibility for the assaults on political liberty, on democracy and on free speech for which Fascism is famous?

THE FORMER KAISER of Germany is more fortunate than most "kings in exile." Though he has lost the power and the deference he enjoyed as German Emperor, he has not been deprived of much, if any, of the crown property. The Prussian government has confirmed him in possession of the great estates and forests which the royal family of Hohenzollern own in that country, and his income is said to be two million dollars a year. Seeing that he has no official responsibilities and can spend his whole income as he likes, he is one of the very richest men in Europe.

INHERITANCE TAXES

TAXATION is a never-ending source of controversy. Even if we grant the highest motives to those who determine what taxes shall be levied, their judgment never recommends itself to everyone. Absolute justice is, or ought to be, their aim—but absolute justice is difficult to come by: it has never been attained in taxation.

Take, for example, the matter of estate, or inheritance, taxes. Although many people deny the justice of that kind of taxation altogether, it may be taken as settled that every government has the right to resort to it if it desires to do so; and it is probably no more burdensome or annoy-

THE COURT OF INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE

A NUMBER of readers have asked for a compact explanation of what the Permanent Court of International Justice really is—that World Court to which President Coolidge wishes us to become a signer, and concerning which a very able debate has been proceeding in the United States Senate.

This court was originally constituted by action of the League of Nations in 1920, to take the place of those agencies of international conciliation and arbitration which the war destroyed. Like those earlier institutions, the World Court has its headquarters at The Hague. It consists of eleven judges, elected by the Council and Assembly of the League of Nations. There are also several deputy-judges, who sit when circumstances prevent any of the regular judges from acting. The judges serve for nine years, but may be reelected. Only one judge can be chosen from any one country.

The court meets annually on June 15; but special sessions can be called in an emergency. It has jurisdiction over any cases that are submitted to it by mutual agreement of the nations concerned,—and, according to the League Covenant, nations that belong to the League must submit their disputes either to the court or to the Council of the League, and over all cases referred to it by the provisions of international treaties. It also may be called on to give advisory opinions, in questions of international law or the interpretation of treaties, to the Council or the Assembly of the League of Nations.

Although the United States, not being a member of the League of Nations, took no part in establishing the court, a distinguished American, Mr. Elihu Root, was a very active and useful member of the advisory committee that drew up the plan for the court, and another distinguished American, Mr. John Bassett Moore, is one of the

eleven judges who form the court at present. In the picture at the top of the page he is the fifth from the righthand end of the bench. A German, Professor Schücking, is also a member of the court, although Germany is not admitted to the League.

Finally, the permanent court, though founded by the League, is not an organ of the League, but an independent institution, to which any nation can become attached whether or not it is also a member of the League. Forty-eight nations have already done so.

Ever since Congress met last month it has been said by the best-informed people in Washington that the President could count on the two-thirds majority of the Senate necessary to adopt his recommendation that we apply for membership in the court. But a stubborn opposition, made up of those Senators who are opposed to our having anything to do with the League of Nations or any of its works, has prolonged the debate, in the hope of detaching enough of the President's lukewarm supporters to defeat the proposal. It does not seem possible for them to do that, for the intelligent opinion of the country, though divided, is strongly in favor of our joining the court. But it is possible that the opposition, by clever parliamentary tactics, may attach so many conditions and reservations to the vote that the other nations, whose attachment to the court is not qualified in that fashion, may object to our coming in on such terms. Even the President's plan contains some reservations, as for example one that provides that the United States shall not be bound by an advisory opinion on any question it has not itself submitted, and it is understood that the United States retains its freedom to decide whether or not it shall submit to the court any case in which the Monroe Doctrine is involved.

ing than any other form of taxation, when it is intelligently and fairly employed. Most Americans are resigned to it, if for no better reason than that which reconciled the Dutchman's wife to death—because they have to be. But there is continual protest against the way in which it is levied.

To begin with, a sizable estate is usually exposed to half a dozen, or more, different imposts. Every state, with the exception of four or five, taxes the estates of its deceased citizens. But most states also tax any property that lies within their borders, even when it belongs to citizens of other states. And then, to cap all, the government of the United States lays still another tax on all estates of over \$50,000, amounting in the case of very large estates to almost forty per cent of the net amount.

That means that the same piece of property may be taxed at least three separate times. Indeed it is possible that an estate might include stock in a corporation that was incorporated in half a dozen states and owned property in half a dozen more. If the deceased owner of the stock lived in still another state and left property enough to be subject to Federal taxation, this piece of property might be levied on fourteen distinct times. It might easily be eaten up entirely

by taxation, and the estate might be left still indebted to three or four of the states that asserted a claim upon it. Executors find that in settling even a very moderate estate legal proceedings in from half a dozen to a dozen states are necessary, with fees and charges that usually amount to more than the taxes themselves. Moreover, the states are continually amending their rates of taxation—generally upward. Massachusetts has changed its law twenty-nine times in thirty-five years. New Jersey has amended its law fourteen times in fifteen years. Uncertainty is added to the other exasperations of the situation.

There will be continual dissatisfaction with inheritance taxation until these annoyances are remedied. They are not inherent in the tax itself, but are the result of our Federal system, which distributes authority between the government at Washington and forty-eight separate states. The Englishman or the Frenchman pays only one tax on an inheritance, because there is only one government that has the right to impose such a tax. It is only fair that an American estate should pay one tax, and that it should be relieved of the bother and expense of protracted legal proceedings in connection with it. The simplest way out would be for

the Federal government to withdraw from the field, and let the states levy all inheritance taxes, and to provide that taxes could only be collected by the state in which the dead man had his residence. But even then we should have injustice, for the states would doubtless differ widely among themselves about the rates to be assessed, as they do now.

It is a complicated and unsatisfactory situation. Our legislators would do well to give it much more careful thought than they have yet expended upon it.

THEMES

WRITING a theme, as all boys and girls know, is easy, compared with finding a subject. Sometimes the student sits at his window, idly watching the life in the street, hoping, hoping for an inspiration that will not come. Sometimes he takes a long walk into the country,—a popular hunting-ground for ideas,—only to return as empty as when he set forth. Or perhaps a roommate who wants to be helpful suggests, "Go to bed and wake up with a fresh mind."

Meanwhile the fatal day is fast approaching. It is a desperate race—to desperate, toward the end, for clear thinking. The night before the theme is due the poor student sits down and writes five hundred words on a subject that a week before he had correctly assumed was hopeless. A hopeless subject, a hopeless theme, a hopeless grade—it is all very sad.

Is there no way out of such a mental morass? Of course there is! If the perplexed student, instead of sitting idly at the window or taking long walks or racking his dazed brains in a panic, will carefully read the morning newspapers, he will find in them any number of subjects for his theme.

Here on an inside page is an account of an American woman who insisted that French officials drain Lake Geneva in order to recover her platinum ring, which she had dropped in the water. Here is an account of a schooner that met lightning, a waterspout, a gale and a calm all in one voyage. What would the woman who wanted Lake Geneva drained have said of that, had she been aboard! Here is the story of a small boy who was afraid to go home because he had poor marks on his report card. He might have taken passage on that schooner.

All that—and much more—is life itself; small parts of life that, pieced together and embellished with the imagination, can be turned into an interesting story.

Now and then the reader will hit upon a news item as striking as the one that appeared a few weeks ago. Shortly before the outbreak of the Great War a wealthy German widow who occupied one of London's finest mansions left the table while dinner was being served, packed her bag and, dismissing the servants, left for the Continent. Six years later a heavily veiled woman entered the house and spent perhaps three minutes there. Now, twelve years later, the house is still unoccupied; the remnants of that last meal are still on the tablecloth, now brown with age; the expensive furnishings are still untouched, covered with dust. The taxes have been paid promptly each year; and the owner, it has been learned, is living in Monte Carlo.

How account for so extraordinary an

event? There are many plausible explanations—any one of which would make an interesting story.

A BRAVE MAN HONORED

ONE night not long ago a railway train pulled into the station at Potsdam, Germany, and a group of uniformed men removed a flag-covered coffin from one of the compartments. Troops were waiting outside with torches. They placed the coffin on a caisson and took it to a church, where the body of the dead man lay in state for two days, during which the great men of the nation and thousands of humble people paused for a moment and stood uncovered by the bier. Among them were officers and men who served in the British, the French and the American army. They, too, were there to pay a last tribute to a brave and honorable soldier, though he had fought against them; for that coffin held the body of the most famous "ace" of all the flying forces in the World War—that brilliant and intrepid boy, Baron Manfred von Richthofen, who, though he was only twenty-one when he was shot down in 1918, yet had a record of having destroyed eighty allied airplanes.

It was in France that he met his death, seven years before, and in France he was buried. Six officers of the Royal Flying Corps served as his pall bearers, a British chaplain read the burial service of the Church of England, and British soldiers dug the grave and fired the volley and sounded taps. Now he has gone home to the Fatherland, to rest among the great dead of Germany.

Does it seem strange that officers and men against whom he had fought so relentlessly and with such terrible success should have honored him in death? Not in the least. On the contrary, it is the usual, not the exceptional, thing. Brave men are made that way. There is a magnanimity in them that recognizes courage and honor everywhere, and respects it. When Quentin Roosevelt was shot down within the German lines the German army authorities notified the Allies; and after the armistice was signed his grave was found to have been marked by a cross that bore his name and rank, and the words, in English, "Buried by Germans."

The standards and ethics of sportsmanship have their origin in something greater than sport. They are deep rooted in the fundamental qualities of men—in courage and truth and justice.

THIS BU WORLD

Assailing the Arctic by Airplane

Another attempt to explore the north polar regions by airplane is to be made next spring. The American Geographical Society and the Detroit Aviation Society—which has, presumably, access to Mr. Ford's financial resources—will support the expedition. It is the plan to start from Point Barrow, Alaska, and fly directly across the ice-covered expanse that lies about the pole, the greater part of which has never been visited by man. The landing on the other side would be made at Spitzbergen if all goes well. Capt. George H. Wilkins, who was an aviator during the Great War, and who has had Arctic experience, both with Stefansson and Shackleton, will be in command. Only one plane—either a Fokker or a Stout—will make the actual flight. It will carry three or four men, all the fuel it can find room for, but not much extra food. If the fliers are forced down, they will have to depend on their rifles for subsistence anyway. The aim of the expedition is to explore the unknown area surrounding the ice pole, and to determine whether or not there is any land mass in the midst of the polar sea. The experiences of Amundsen and the MacMillan fliers do not furnish very hopeful auguries for the expedition, but Captain Wilkins is reported to be sanguine of success.

Still Some Native Americans Left

In an article that analyzes the vital statistics of the United States for 1923 American Medicine points out that the effective birth rate—the excess of births over deaths—was for the white population 10.1 per thousand, and for the colored population 8.6 per thousand. But the comparatively small Japanese population had an effective rate of 46 per thousand, due partly to the fact that most Japanese in the country are people of the best age to have families. About 69 per cent of the births were in families where both parents were born in this country. What percentage were of the "old" American stock there is no way of finding out. The average number of children born to native mothers was about three, and to mothers of foreign birth nearly four. This does not, however, indicate the actual size of the American family, since many of the mothers are still young and will have other children in the future.

The Philadelphia Sesquicentennial

Plans are still going forward for a world's fair at Philadelphia, in commemoration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The promoters have been disappointed in the refusal of France and Great Britain to exhibit on a large scale, because of the financial difficulties in the way, and the

confused condition of business in Europe. A number of the smaller nations have accepted the invitation to take part, and there will doubtless be a large display of American goods. It is not, however, an auspicious time for a great world fair, like that of 1876 in Philadelphia or that in Chicago in 1893. Whether those mammoth exhibitions will ever again be as popular as they once were, is questionable. But if Philadelphia goes ahead with its plans, we can be sure it will offer something worth visiting.

Controlling High Blood Pressure

The latest medical "discovery" is a substance, derived from the livers of young cattle, which is reported to have a remarkable effect on high blood pressure in human beings. The remedy, if such it proves to be, like insulin, comes to us from Canada. It has been experimentally tested at the hospitals and in the university laboratories at Toronto, with hopeful results. The extract is given by injection. Doctor MacDonald, of St. Catharines, Ontario, is the physician who has developed the treatment, working from some laboratory researches made by Doctors James and Laughton of Western University, London, Ontario. High blood pressure—or arterial hypertension—is exceedingly common in middle-aged or elderly persons and is the cause of hardening of the arteries, apoplectic shock and some diseases of the heart and kidneys. It has hitherto been very hard to control.

The Moslem Puritans Win Again

The news from Arabia is that the King of Hedjaz, defeated before his only remaining citadel, Jeddah, has fled to his brother, King of Irak in Mesopotamia, leaving all of Arabia except the southwestern tip in the hands of the Wahabis, who are led by Ibn Saud, Sultan of Nejd. These Wahabis are inhabitants of the interior of Arabia, desert nomads of pure race, and the most fanatical and rigid of Moslems. They have often been called the Puritans of Islam. This is not the first time they have swept out from their desert fastnesses to punish what they consider the looseness and faithlessness of their coreligionists. Their hostility to King Ali and his father, King Hussein, was owing to their conviction that they had fallen away from the true tenets of the Prophet and had become the political puppets of Great Britain. The Wahabis now control the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, and all of Arabia in fact, except the principality of Yemen, which still has its own ruler, the Imam Yahya. They have more than once been on the verge of fighting with him, too, and now that the rest of the country is theirs they may turn their attention to the conquest of Yemen.

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The MISCELLANY PAGE

THE UNATTAINED

By George Lawrence Andrews

Waves booming and far countries calling
I hear all night and day;
Yet morning breaking, shadows falling,
I stay—I stay.

Through nights of dreaming I see gleaming
A white, wave-beaten shore;
But mornings show the same light streaming
On these same walls and floor.

Bound inland, I am longing, praying
For what may never be
And seeing dimly dream-ships graying
Far on a dreamed-of sea.

THE ORIGIN OF A FAMOUS HYMN

Few modern hymns have made so deep an impression on religious people as Hold the Fort. That is partly because the tune is stirring and, as musicians say, "singable," but it is also because the words have vividness and picturesqueness. Those qualities are probably due to the fact that the song was based on an actual happening of our Civil War and written while the imagination of the author was still fired by the dramatic character of the episode and by its symbolic applicability to the spiritual warfare that the followers of Christ must continually wage. This is the story:

During October, 1864, just before General Sherman began his famous march to the sea, and while his army was encamped near Atlanta, the army of General Hood managed to get by the right flank of Sherman's army, appeared in its rear and began to destroy the railway, burn the smaller block houses and seize the provisions that had been stored in them. Sherman put a strong force in motion to overtake Hood's army and save the most important posts, the most essential of which was that in Allatoona Pass, a defile in the mountains, through which the railway ran. General Corse was stationed here with a brigade of about five thousand men; Colonel Tourtellotte was second in command. No less than a million and a half rations were stored there. General Hood sent six thousand men under General French to take the earthworks that defended the post. French surrounded the works and demanded their surrender. Corse refused, and the fighting began. Slowly the Union troops were driven back into one small fort on the crest of a hill. Many had fallen, and the defense of the post seemed almost hopeless. At this moment an officer saw a white signal flag waving from the heights across the valley, several miles away. It was on the summit of Kenesaw Mountain. The signal was answered, and the message that came back read:

"Hold the fort, I am coming. Sherman."
The cheers rang out, and the defense was resumed with fresh courage. General Corse was wounded in the head, and Colonel Tourtellotte took command. He held the fort through three more hours of sharp fighting. Then the advance guard of Sherman's force came up, and French had to retreat.

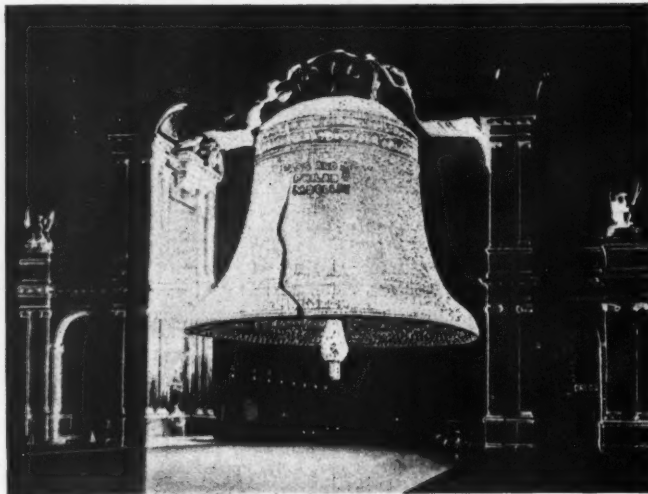
No incident of the war illustrates so thrillingly the inspiration that follows the knowledge that the commander is present and cognizant of our position, and that he is hastening to our help. Sherman's message to the soldiers of Allatoona is a symbol of the message of the Great Commander to all who fight life's battles: "Hold the Fort, for I am coming."

SOMETHING MORE THAN "HELP"

A SCOTCH lad, says the Continent, having taken a prize in a difficult examination, was confronted by his teacher who asked doubtfully: "Who helped you with your question paper, James?"

"Nobody, sir."
"Come, now, my boy, I know all about your capacity and abilities, and I know you never answered those questions alone. Tell me honestly, now, didn't your brother do part of the work?"

James, after some deliberation: "No, sir, he did it all."



THE LIBERTY BELL IN ELECTRIC LIGHT

AMONG the interesting things that are to be shown at the exposition that Philadelphia is to hold next summer in celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, is this enormous illuminated Liberty Bell. The bell, supported on a great steel arch that is concealed beneath the architectural arch shown in the picture, is to be as high as a six-story building. It will contain more than twenty thousand electric lamps, which are capable of giving a light of five hundred thousand candle power. The arch on which the bell is hung will span South Broad Street, which is the direct road to the exposition grounds, and it will be distinctly visible from the City Hall in the heart of the city, four miles away.

MONARCHS OF THE TABLE

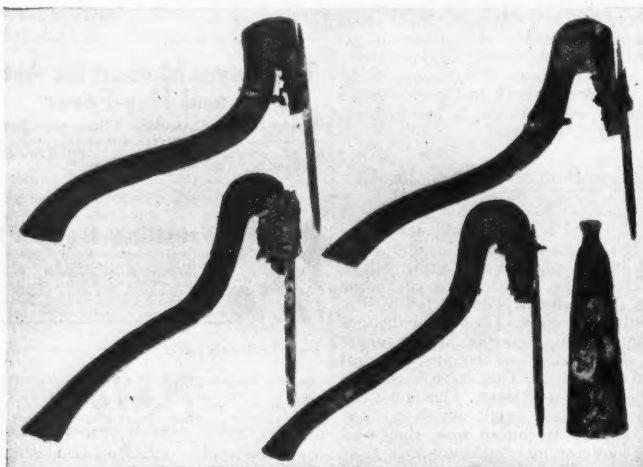
THE old idea that the brain thrives best on a diet of herbs and cold water, and that the more you eat the less you think, is combated by no less an authority than Sir Arthur Keith, the eminent British physician. Sir Arthur in a recent address declared that a man of genius was nine times out of ten a good trencherman, who liked his meals often and hearty. Commenting on this utterance, The Argonaut drops into reminiscence about

the facts at table of some of the great writers of the past.

Victor Hugo, it will be recalled, had a Gargantuan appetite. His favorite dish was a mulligan of sorts, a *tripotage* composed of veal cutlets, lima beans and oil, omelets, roast beef with tomato sauce (which should have gone with the veal cutlets), milk, vinegar, mustard, cheese and other odds and ends, mixed all together, like the curries and *sambals* in a Batavian *riis-tafel*, and drenched down with vast jorums of coffee. A man that could mop up this sort of mess from a suitable porringer must obviously have been capable of any sort of intellectual effort, and the imperishable solidity of Hugo's literary remains bear witness to the efficacy of the mulligan that fostered their production.

Balzac was more conventional in his methods and eschewed the conglomerate forms affected by the author of *Les Misérables*. He took his meals in courses—but what courses! A hundred oysters, a dozen cutlets of lamb or veal, a sole or two, a duck, a brace of partridges, tarts and puddings and other sweets, washed down with wines galore. The elder Dumas, when he took a snack to keep his work alive, never ordered less than three beefsteaks at a clip.

Dan O'Connell, the poet, was the only one of the literary coterie in San Francisco that comprised Ambrose Bierce, Arthur McEwen, "Petey" Bigelow and other



THERE WERE INVENTORS BEFORE THE AMERICANS

THE axe ordinarily used by the wood cutters of Europe has a perfectly straight handle, as straight as that of the stone axe made by their earliest known ancestors. In the United States the axe with the graceful curve in the handle is much more common. There is a distinct advantage in that shape, which permits a freer and more efficient use of the axe, and we have always taken pride in the belief that it was an

improvement due to the special ingenuity of the American pioneer and woodsman. But archaeologists have recently turned up in Egypt some ancient adzes, which are at least three thousand years old and probably more, in which we find very much the same curve in the handle. Evidently those clever old Egyptian workmen had worked out their problem very much as our American axe men did.

gifted writers of thirty and forty years ago who could aspire to touch even the hem of Hugo's appetite; but he could make a mulligan against any Frenchman and could give Dumas a hard battle on the beefsteaks.

THE ROSE OR THE MISTLETOE

IN America, the newspapers recently announced, mistletoe, beloved alike of the young and gay and the aged and reminiscent, has come under the ban of science. However gracefully associated with romance and sentiment, history and tradition, the unfortunate fact remains that it is a parasitic plant, with a wicked habit of sucking the lifeblood from the trees that are its hosts. War is declared against it; yet, though our reason may assent, probably there are few to regret that its extermination is not likely in the near future. And the less destructive, or at least less denounced, English mistletoe will still remain for importation, for it is as impossible to think of Britain—or rather, England—renouncing mistletoe at Yuletide as of her abolishing holly, its twin, or even roast beef, or mince pie.

The mistletoe is a native of England, but just across the Irish Channel it will not, or does not, grow. Lord Chief Justice Mathews told a recent writer of reminiscences a pretty story of his witty fellow countryman, Father Healy. A young Englishwoman, who sat next the merry and benignant old priest at a dinner party spoke of the absence of mistletoe from the Emerald Isle and wondered how the young people there got on without it.

"Ah, if it's kissing you mean," said Father Healy quickly, "they do it *under the rose!*"

NEW JERSEY HEARD FROM AGAIN

A READER who lives in New Jersey not so very far from Rahway writes us that he was deeply interested in the extraordinary yarn recently published in *The Companion* about the boy who was carried off by mosquitoes while taking refuge in an old steam boiler.

It reminded him of the story told by a friend of his who used to go fishing for catfish in the Raritan River. Arriving at the river bank one summer morning, he found that he had forgotten to bring any fishhooks. He did not relish the idea of a two-mile tramp back home on a warm morning and was rather nonplussed until he suddenly thought himself of a group of cattails, about which flourished a particularly vigorous and well-developed flock of mosquitoes. With a stick he managed to secure two of them. Not having wire-cutters, he had some difficulty in cutting off their beaks with a sharp stone; but when he had bent the ends into the proper shape and attached the hooks to his line he caught twenty-eight fish, which he thought was pretty good.

PIONEER OHIO PIG SENSE

WHEN David Brownlee emigrated from Pennsylvania and settled at Coitsville, Ohio, in the spring of 1806 or 1807, he brought with him a small herd of pigs. The pigs seemed satisfied with their new Buckeye home, regardless of dangers from the prowling wolf, bear, panther and other wild beasts. These swine were in their sty every evening and regularly at their troughs at feeding time, and things for a time went on very pleasantly. Then one evening in early summer the pigsty was empty. None of the pigs could be found, and after a few days they were all given up for lost.

After a time Mr. Brownlee went back to Pennsylvania to harvest the wheat that he had left growing. To his great surprise he found all his swine waiting for him at his old home, with an addition of eight or ten little pigs; not one was missing.

When Mr. Brownlee was ready to return to his home, he gathered the herd of swine together, talked "turkey"—or "pig"—to them and started them on their way to Coitsville. With no determined opposition they passed on before him until they came to the river, where they took to the water cheerfully. They landed safely on the other side, whence they took the direct route to Coitsville and the sty which they had deserted a few months before. This time they concluded to remain at their new home.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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Things We Talk About

ABOUT THE LUCKIEST BOY we know is David Binney Putnam, who spent three months last year aboard the steamship *Arcturus*, on the scientific expedition to the Pacific Ocean headed by William Beebe. That was luck, but David made the most of it by keeping a careful diary, and writing an excellent book called *David Goes Voyaging*, which has had a remarkable sale. David has earned a new trip, and will go to Greenland this year. He is arranging to send his diary to *The Youth's Companion*, and it will make interesting reading for everyone who likes to read about adventure in strange lands.

Meanwhile, a very unusual serial story by George Allan England, called *Lost From the Fleet*,—an exciting tale of the little known seal-hunting on the northern ice floes,—will begin in an early issue of *The Youth's Companion*.

JOHN CALVIN COOLIDGE—Many readers were surprised to discover, when they read our article two weeks ago about President Coolidge's start in professional life, that he was still using the initial "J" when he graduated from college. John Calvin, after whom he was named, was the outstanding theologian of the Reformation, far more so than Martin Luther, who was a warm-hearted and intensely human leader of men, but more interested in the reform of religious abuses than in the construction of a severely intellectual system of doctrine. John Calvin, too, was a great administrator and political thinker; the control he established and maintained over the city of Geneva is evidence of his personal force.

By birth, Calvin was a Frenchman; by education, both a clergyman and a lawyer; by inclination, a moulder of the thought and conduct of his fellow men. His theological system is at the foundation of many present-day evangelical communions; for instance, the Presbyterian, the Baptist and the Congregational. The English Puritans, like the French Huguenots and the Scottish Presbyterians, were Calvinists, and the first settlers of New England put into effect here not only the creed of Calvin but his Geneva system of civil government based on membership in the church. Neither his theology nor his political system has survived, without much modification, but it is true that, despite all its severity, his form of religious belief has produced great strength of character and intellectual power.

It is interesting that a President who preserves so many of the traits and virtues of his Puritan ancestors should have been given the name of the man who, above all others, made the Puritan character what it was.

GIRLS IN BUSINESS are among the most interesting and hopeful factors in modern life. The idea that they could serve as clerks and as factory workers is very old. The idea that they can compete in business on equal terms with men is new, but every business man will have to reckon with it from now on. Readers of our serial story, *The Glory of Peggy Harrison*, will find that it fairly represents conditions in many modern department stores and banks.

The first woman, perhaps, who made her mark in this way was Miss Margaret Getchell, a Nantucket school-teacher who was obliged to resign her position on ac-

count of an accident to her eye. Going to New York, she entered the small store of a former family acquaintance on the island, Captain Rowland H. Macy. Veterans who remember those early days tell us that Miss Getchell revolutionized the store, adding new departments which were unheard of in those days, and also a system of marking prices which added greatly to its prosperity. She fully deserved a partnership when she retired from the store and married. That was long ago. There are many young women like Miss Getchell—and Peggy Harrison—in the big stores today, and the opportunity for thoughtful, constructive work is better than it has ever been.

But, as the authors of our story have brought out, you need rare pluck and ability to gain and hold a high place in the intensely competitive life of the large cities. If you are thinking of dashing at it, with your eyes closed, don't. Its rewards are for the few. And no possible success in business or professional life can rank, in the long run, with the enduring pride of a mother who has happy and useful children around her.

LETTERS ABOUT THE HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY ARE POURING IN—And *The Youth's Companion* is sincerely grateful to everyone who has taken the trouble, and been kind enough, to write. "I think you owe it to yourselves to advertise your hundredth anniversary," writes Mr. Caesar A. Roberts of San Francisco, "to make much of it, to impress people with an event that is unique in the United States. When a man has read a periodical for many, many years, and particularly when that reading began in his youth at a time when he could not read himself, and his interest has continued in it for forty-five years and more, he is apt to feel that it is a part of his very existence. When he feels that it is to continue to brighten, help and mould the lives of those who succeed him, and that this is common to every home in the United States where the verities of life are prized, he feels it his duty to impress upon the editors and contributors the great reliance *The Youth's Companion* Family has in those who direct its course."

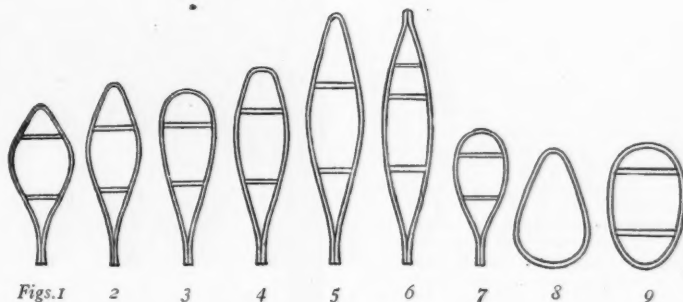
"I WONDER," writes a North Carolinian subscriber, "just how long your oldest readers have been enjoying *The Companion*. I have been a constant reader for thirty years. When my oldest little girl became old enough to enjoy it I subscribed for her." This question about the oldest reader is interesting, and we shall print some remarkable letters concerning it soon. Even more interesting, perhaps, is the way in which *The Companion* has been handed down in good American families, ever since Nathaniel Willis established it, ninety-nine years ago, as a journal for Youth. Dwight Dickey, one of the prize-winning young people whose names you will find on page 59, says in his letter: "I showed my sample copy to a lady, telling her of its merits—which I ought to know, for my parents have never kept house without it, and my grandparents took it for their children, enjoying it themselves."

Such endless chains of fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, make *The Companion* Family the almost miraculous thing which it is. "I believe that *The Youth's Companion* went to my mother's home in Marietta in the fifties," writes Mrs. Arthur G. Beach, "and it might be that in the forties the paper was going to Mary Gates." With great kindness, she sends a picture of the family residence in Marietta, Ohio, where *The Companion* went to boys and girls long ago, and is going to boys and girls today. But this is a story to which we shall try to do full justice next week.

TO LOOK FORWARD is the great thing, after all. In rejoicing at *The Companion's* honorable past, it would be easy to look away too long from what we hope will be its equally honorable and interesting future. Irvin Linger of Williamsport, Pa., is a type of young America; he only made the acquaintance of *The Companion* last month, and liked it so well that he took it to his school on the day he received it and sent us two new subscriptions at once. It is by this process—the consistent gaining of new friends—that institutions live. Perhaps every old friend will celebrate the Hundredth Birthday by being directly or indirectly responsible for one new subscription this year. If this happens, and there are many signs that it is happening, *The Youth's Companion* will have in 1926 more influence, more capacity for usefulness, than ever before.

How to Choose Snowshoes

By ARCHIE L. JOSCELYN



THE snows of winter are heavy, and in the northern parts of the country snowshoe travel is a regular thing again, as it is every winter. In choosing snowshoes several things should be borne in mind, for there are many different types, each one of which is adapted to a different part of the country, to a different use or to different-sized persons.

All standard snowshoes are made on the same general plan, though they may vary widely in style and shape. In general the snowshoe consists of an outer frame of light, tough wood, bent to shape and kept spread by two wooden braces mortised into the frame, which divide the shoe into three parts, the toe, the center and the heel. Round the heel and the toe through small double sets of holes bored through the frame passes a slender strip of rawhide, called a lanyard, to which the filling of the ends is fastened. This filling is usually of gut, hide or twine cut fine and strung close, but the center is filled with heavier rawhide in a coarser mesh. No holes are made through the center of the frame to hold the main filling, for that would tend to weaken the shoe, but instead the strands are drawn round the frame.

There is always a toe strap where the shoe hinges to the foot, and another strap passes round the foot above the heel to support the weight of the snowshoe when the foot is raised. This, briefly, is the general construction of the snowshoe.

The general shapes are shown in Figs. 1 to 9 inclusive. No. 1 is the Eastern style, made wide in proportion to its length, which is about thirty-eight inches. The width is from fifteen to sixteen inches, and the toe is round and the heel long and narrow. The chief advantage of this pattern is that it allows short steps and short turns.

Fig. 2 is an adaptation of Fig. 1, but longer and narrower, and is a more popular type. These two patterns together are more used than any others. Fig. 3 shows another popular shape, with round, broad toe and narrow heel. The advantage of this shape is that the toe stays high in the snow, but the heel sinks deeper, which makes walking easier.

Most snowshoes are upturned at the toe, but the pattern used by the Ojibway Indians, Fig. 4, represents a shoe with a square toe that is not upturned. For hill climbing this is a decided advantage, because it insures a good grip on the snow. Fig. 5 is a shoe more than five feet long and thirteen to fourteen inches wide with a slightly upcurved toe. For fast travel in unbroken, deep snow, it is very good, but it is not recommended for general use. Fig. 6 is an extreme pattern in a long shoe, used by the Cree Indians of northwestern Canada. It is made as long as No. 5 and even narrower, being only about a foot wide, and the frame is of two pieces joined at heel and toe. The toe has an extreme upward curve, often of eight inches. Such radical types are not generally used.

Fig. 7 shows an odd pattern, made without filling in toe or heel and with a short, rounded frame—a type made for use in rather damp,

"packy" snow. Figs. 8 and 9 are also odd-shaped shoes. Fig. 8 is a tailless, short bear-paw pattern, which is made without braces but with a filling so strung as to draw evenly from all points. This shoe is used in some of the Northwestern states, in rough country, where the snow is heavy and "packy." Fig. 9 is merely another type of the bear paw. It is used in New England and is useful for walking among trees and for making short turns. The ordinary size is about sixteen by twenty-six inches.

In choosing snowshoes remember that a larger person requires a larger shoe than a small one, and that a tall person can use a large size more easily than a short person. For rough ground and for snow that is never very deep, but that is solid, select small sizes. For hilly country choose a flat style with wide toe. For damp and "packy" snow the mesh of the filling should be wider or coarser than for fine, powdery snow.

For general use Fig. 2 or Fig. 10, made flat, is best. The frames can be made of ash, yellow birch or hickory and should be of clear, straight-grained and flawless wood. The frame should be fastened at the heel with a rawhide thong strung through holes and not fastened with screws, which are likely to split the wood. The shoe for a person of ordinary size and weight should be about fourteen inches wide at the broadest point and four feet long. The cost of good shoes will be from \$7 to \$15.

A properly made shoe will almost balance if suspended midway between the braces, but the heel will be an ounce or so the heavier. The heel should be narrow and the toe broad, to cause the heel to cut down and the toe to lift easily in walking. With a broader heel and narrower toe the shoe is harder to lift. In trail breaking the whole shoe cuts down evenly, and, if the toe sinks deeper, several pounds of snow will frequently fall upon it and make lifting the foot for the next step very hard.

Cowhide filling is the toughest and best; caribou hide comes second, and moose comes last. Some fillings are described as "gut," which is merely skin. The center filling should be cut large and be woven in an open mesh about three quarters of an inch in size, but the ends should be much finer. The filling must be strung very tight. Varnish is sometimes, but inadvisably, used on the filling.

The toe cords should be heavy and strong, smooth underfoot, so that they will not make the feet sore, and large enough to allow room for several pairs of stockings. When walking never jump or allow any one part of your shoe to rest on a solid object, such as a log. The strain may break the frame. When the shoes are damp dry them, but keep them far enough away from the fire to prevent injury to the filling. Also keep the filling away from mice.

Good snowshoes will stand about one season of hard tramping. Keep a few strings of rawhide on hand to repair at once any strings that may break. Fig. 11 shows the best way to join two thongs. A knot will usually come untied.



Fig. 10

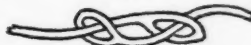


Fig. 11

THE Y. C. LAB

THE \$100 AWARD

Every week the Y. C. Lab gives, by vote of its Governors, an award of \$5 for the best original work submitted by any boy Member. These awards have been given, so far, to boys who have remodeled Ford cars, made ship models, lettered signs and constructed other interesting things. With this issue of The Youth's Companion it is time to make the first Quarterly Award of \$100. By unanimous vote it is given to F. William Bang for this puppet theatre, which he made without adult assistance at his home in Newtonville, Mass.

Member Bang submitted the theatre to the Director and Governors of the Society. At their request, he has prepared the article about it which follows. His prize money has been deposited to his credit in the Newton Savings Bank, where it will serve, he says, as the nucleus for the college fund he is now beginning to earn. The next Quarterly Award will be announced three months hence in The Youth's Companion.

PROCEEDINGS Y. C. LAB NO. 1, WOLLASTON

December 7:

Still plowing on with the table—and we're going over the top with it, too. Just to show we're not discouraged, we bit off another tough chew today; we're making the handles for the drawers to the table, cut out of solid brass. All we have to do it with is a hacksaw and a file or two. The brass comes in a sheet three sixteenths of an inch thick. The design will be in keeping with the lines of the table. The two handles will be finished in a hammered effect, even to the little hinges or hangers which hold them. Workers in wood, cabinet makers, furniture designers—and now metal workers! What will we do next?

December 8:

Set up a Black & Decker motor drill. This is a machine of many possibilities; it will do all sorts of things besides bore holes. When set up horizontally, it will run a saw, buffer, sandpaper drum and other things. The motor is attached; all you do is plug it into the electric-light socket and pull a trigger on the handle. It bores a hole in the hardest substance in an incredibly short time.

Discovered the cross-bar of our table had to have a half-inch taken off the bottom, and this took up the rest of the afternoon.

December 9:

Worked on the brass handles of the table. Used the new electric drill to chop out around the pattern. A much easier job than to use a hand hacksaw. After that, though, it was a case of the hand file to cut down to the pattern. If we had had a small emery wheel on the drill, the handles would have been turned out much sooner. Made a couple of hinges for the handles to fit into. All this filed out by hand.

Built another bench to hold our lathe, which will come Friday.

HARRY IRVING SHUMWAY
Councillor, Y. C. Lab.

MEMBERSHIPS

Now is the time to join the Y. C. Lab. Membership gives you the right to ask its Councilors any question concerning mechanics, physics, wood and metal working, radio, and so forth. You also become eligible to receive the weekly, quarterly and annual awards made by the Society; and you receive its button and ribbon. To save time, now that so many boys are applying for Associate Membership, use this coupon. There are no fees or dues.

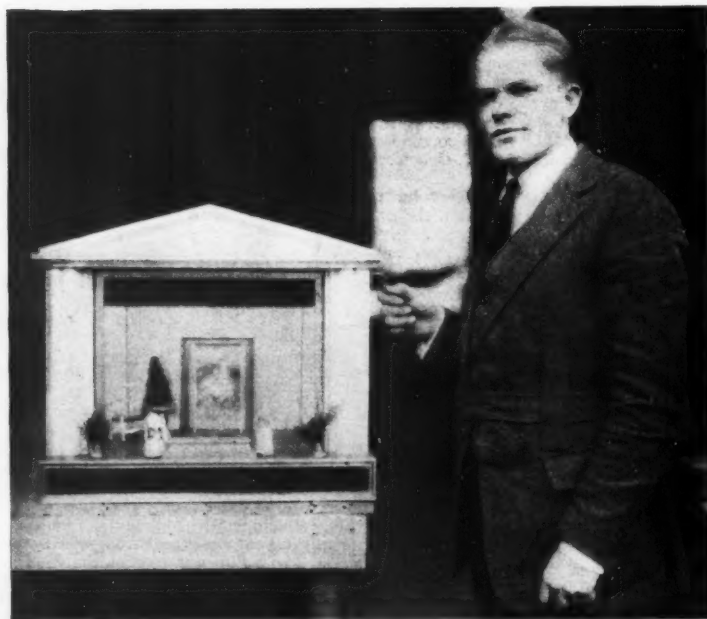
THE DIRECTOR

Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.

I am a boy of...years, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me full particulars and an application blank for Associate Membership in the Y. C. Lab.

Name.....

Address.....



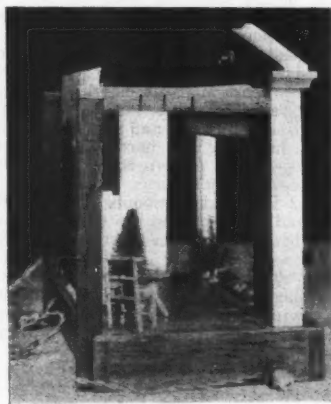
First Quarterly Award of \$100 Is Won by F. William Bang of Newtonville, Mass., for this Toy Theatre

Y. C. LAB PROJECT NO. 6 How to Make a Toy Theatre

BEFORE you start be sure to have the following materials in addition to the extras needed:

10' board, 2 1/2" wide, 1/2" thick; 5' balustrade stock, about 1 1/2" square; 4 1/2' of 1/2" x 1/2" scotia moulding; 4 1/2' cove or scotia moulding, 1/2" x 1/2"; 4 1/2' panel moulding; a piece of wall board, 2' x 13"; 26" cap moulding; 19" of 1" dowel or broom handle; 2 porcelain keyless cleat receptacles for electric candelabra bulbs; wire.

The main thing in constructing this miniature theatre is to have some good cap moulding like that forming the sides of the proscenium arch of the theatre in the picture. Two pieces each 13 inches long are needed



Dismantled side view, showing lights

and can be found in the scrap piles at lumber mills where all leftovers are saved.

Start the construction of a base made from the 2 1/2" x 7/8" board. Cut off two pieces each two feet long and two others 11 1/2 inches long, being careful to have the ends perfectly square. On the broad side of one of these two-foot pieces saw crosswise through one half the thickness, 8 3/4 inches from each end, and chisel out the wood between the cuts. Make two blocks about 3" x 1 1/2" from the 7/8-inch stock and bevel the edges on one end of each. Decide now whether you want your theatre to operate from the right- or left-hand side and attach fixtures accordingly. Near the top of one block screw a socket for the footlight bulb. Toe-nail each to a cross cutting with the unbeveled end

flush to the bottom edge of the board. Cut two blocks 2 1/2 inches long from the balustrade material, glue one side of them and nail one on each of the shorter boards half an inch from the end with one end of the block flush to what will be the upper side of the base. Set the four boards firmly together, using glue, and nailing the two-foot boards on to the end ones, which should have the blocks on the inside, the flush ends upward, and to the front. Try the corners for squareness and for the size of the wall board which is to be the floor. Cut an oblong 5 3/4" x 1 1/2" in front center of the floor half an inch from the edge to fit just over the two blocks in the footlight, which protrude a little. Cut a piece of tin from a can and shape it in a semi-circle, leaving a flat edge to slip between the floor and the base, making a reflector for the light. Nail the floor to the base with small-headed tacks. Just above what would be the center of the blocks on the sides bore a 5/8-inch hole about an inch deep, insert a 5/8-inch dowel or peg to protrude one inch. These are the means by which the arch will be fastened to the base, and it is therefore necessary in making the arch to be sure that the holes bored in the ends of the cap moulding will exactly fit over these pegs. Now cut two pieces of the balustrade stock each 14 3/4 inches long and nail them to the rear of the base half an inch from each end flush with the bottom.

Stain the parts now made with a dark walnut color.

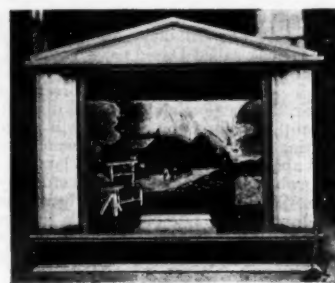
Make a piece of board three quarters of an inch wider than the thickness of your cap moulding and two feet long. Cover one long side of this and the ends with 1/2" x 3/8" of small scotia mitered at the corners.

Take two pieces, each a little over 13 inches long, of the 7/8" x 3/4" scotia. Cut one end at an angle of 45 degrees so that the longest side will fit exactly with the length of the groove,—that is 13 inches,—which is found on most cap mouldings where they are made to fit over another board. In sawing, cut parallel to the 7/8-inch, or broad, side of the moulding so that it will face the back-stage when the frame is finished. Nail and glue these two scotia mouldings to the groove of the cap moulding. When this is done nail the board made as described in the preceding paragraph on to the top of these two "columns," setting them half an inch from each end, the edge of the scotia in back going to that of the board. Of course the scotia moulding on the two-foot board should be toward the front, curving downward. Cut off a little over 16 1/2 inches of the same scotia as

nailed to the cap moulding and fit it in between the two angles of 45 degrees at the top of the sides. Nail this on to the upper board.

The triangular cap or pediment, as it is called, is made from two feet of board about 2 3/4 inches wide. From the mid-point of one side draw diagonal lines to the opposite corners. Saw on these and plane the edges smooth. On the two slanting sides nail 1/2" x 7/8", or small-sized, scotia, having it half an inch above the edge of the triangle. Where the mouldings meet at the vertex, or point, you will have to be careful in cutting the angle with a small saw so that they may fit exactly. Plane off the other ends of the moulding flat to the bottom edge of the triangle so that it will fit firmly on to the top of the arch. Glue the bottom edge and nail it on the arch piece about three quarters of an inch from the front.

Set all nails, fill the holes with wood filler or putty and sandpaper the surfaces. Bore the holes for attaching the arch to the base. Before it is fastened give it three coats of gray enamel—sand-papery between coats to make a glossy finish—and put gold paint on all the round surfaces of the scotia mouldings. Allow the paint to dry well and glue the arch to the base.



You can make scenery for any play

Take two pieces of balustrade stock as long as the distance between the back of the arch and the back edge of the rear support. Near the middle of each make slits, some straight across, others at an angle, halfway through the thickness, in which to set the wings of the stage properties. Attach these two pieces slits downward to the rear of each side of the arch with braces or make a dowel joint and nail the other ends to the tops of the rear supports; stain these like the other parts. Two wires strung parallel to each other half an inch apart from one rear post to the other serve to hold the background.

Screw the other bulb receptacle to the back center of the pediment. Wire the bulb receptacles with ordinary electric-fixture wire. Fasten the upper wire to the frame with small double-headed tacks, leading it across the top and down on the side through a hole in the floor. Connect it with the wire from the footlight and lead the wires out through a hole in the rear.

The curtain may be made to suit your taste. The use of some opaque material such as velvet is suggested. To make the curtain roll attach it to a piece of broom handle, which is to rotate at one side on a piece of nail pointed at each end and set into the broom handle and side "beam," a little from the front, to allow it to rotate freely. A handle made from a piece of thin curtain rod—flattened out on the end which goes into the roller to prevent slipping—is stuck through the cross-piece or beam on the other side and into the center of the roller. At the bottom of the curtain sew on some fringe and make a seam for a metal rod to go through as a weight for the curtain. Your monogram may be painted on the velvet with gold paint.

In front of the footlight glue a piece of moulding, about an inch wide, to cut off the glare from the light. The front of the base may be either left plain or mouldings may be nailed around the edges.

When your theatre is finished you can form a company of boys and girls, with various officers, as stage manager, electrician, costumer, etc. Many libraries have books on puppets, or marionettes, but these are hardly necessary, because you can easily invent your own way of operating them and by diligent practice become an expert in this ancient art.

F. WILLIAM BANG

An Amateur Transmitter of Low Power

WHEN ADJUSTED TO SEND on the shorter wave lengths now assigned to amateur transmitting stations, even an outfit that uses very little power is capable of covering a considerable range. The transmitting circuit here described by Mr. James K. Clapp of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is readily adaptable for use on the amateur wave lengths lying between 200 and 150, 84 and 76, 42 and 38, and 21 and 19 meters.

On the longer wave lengths the range is generally less in daytime than at night, and good signals may be obtained over comparatively short distances. On the shorter wave lengths the distances that may be covered are generally greater in daytime than at night, and communication over short distances is not usually satisfactory. If, then, you wish to transmit to some one near by, you should use the longer wave lengths, while for covering the greatest possible distances you should use the shorter wave lengths. To operate a transmitting station you must have a government license for the station and also a government license for the operator. You can get such licenses without charge upon applying to the local radio supervisor of the Department of Commerce.

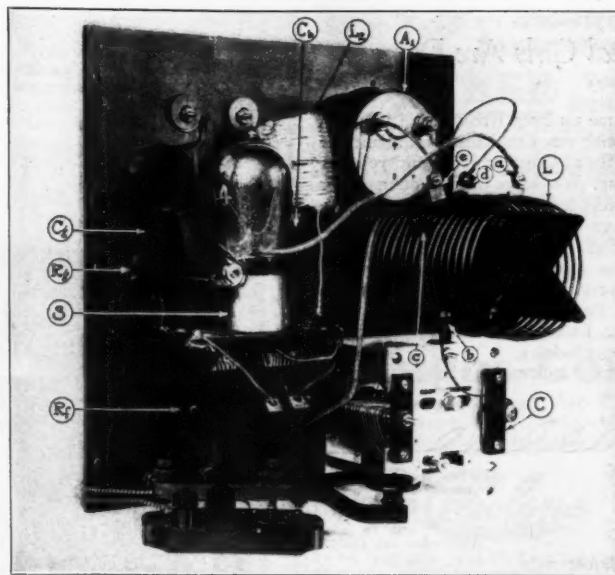
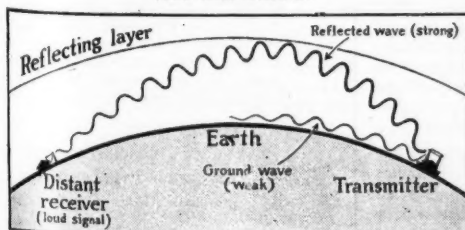
In the circuit diagram the various parts are given designations, which also appear in the list of material given below. A UV-201-A or similar tube may be used when batteries are used for a source of power. A more powerful tube, such as the UV-202, may be substituted if the power is taken from the lighting mains. The transmitter here described is for use with a receiving tube.

The main tuning coil, L, may consist of forty turns of number-14 bare copper wire wound on a form 5 inches in diameter and spaced $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch. A homemade coil wound on two pieces of hard rubber is shown in this photograph. If desired such coils may be purchased on the market. The antenna coil L-1 may also consist of number-14 bare copper wire, of the same diameter as coil L and of about 20 turns, spaced in a similar manner. The choke coil is readily made at home, as it consists of a single layer winding of double-cotton-covered wire of 150 to 200 turns, or a lattice-wound coil may be used. The diameter may be about an inch and a half or two inches; the size of wire anything between number 28 and number 22. The smaller wire is handy, as it makes the coil smaller. The remainder of the parts are of the usual design.

In addition to the two coils described above you will require the following parts to assemble the set:

Designation	Description
C	Air variable condenser, .0005 m. f. maximum capacity.
a, b, c, d, e, f	Clips to make adjustable contact with the turns of the coils L, L-1.
Rg	Grid leak with resistance of 10,000 to 20,000 ohms.
Cg	Grid condenser, mica, .0005 m. f.
Cb	Blocking condenser, .001 to .002 m. f., mica, tested to withstand 500 volts.
S	Moulded vacuum-tube socket for vacuum tube with standard base.
Rf	Filament rheostat, 30-ohm, for UV-201-A tube.
Key	Telegraph key, standard pattern.
	Vacuum tube, UV-201-A or similar type.
	6-volt "A" battery; 90-volt "B" battery for 201-A tube.

How short waves act



A panel-mounted set that employs the circuit here recommended. You can use a panel or not, just as you wish. The lettering corresponds with circuit diagram

WHAT SOME LOW-POWER TRANSMITTERS HAVE DONE

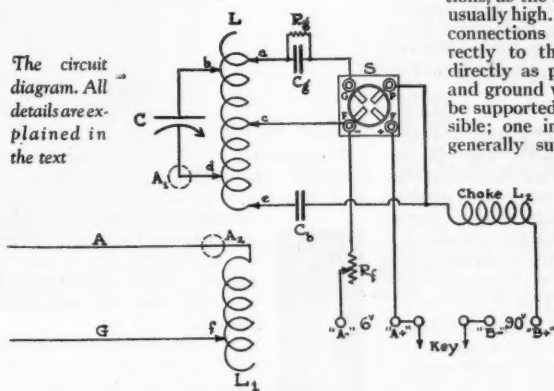
Transmitter	Power	Receiver
U-9RQ Lisle, Ill.	2.5 watts	C-3GG Timmins, Ont.
U-9BFI Minneapolis, Minn.	0.2 watts	U-9BNF Luverne, Minn.
U-9AIB Port Angeles, Wash.	3.0 watts	C-SBF New Westminster, B. C.
U-3AIIH Audubon, N. J.	0.08 watts	U-1BQE Buzzards Bay, Mass.
G-5BV Wilmerton Park, Eng.	U-9CVR Sedalia, Mo.
U-9CDV East Grand Forks, Minn.	U-7GR Vancouver, Wash.
U-8DOE Fairgrove, Mich.	U-6BUR Whittier, Cal.
U-9XH Madison, Wis.	1.0 watts	U-1BYX Auburndale, Mass.

The letters in front of the calls are U, United States; C, Canada; G, Great Britain, British Isles. At least four of these transmissions were with UV-201-A receiving tubes with less than 100 volts of "B" battery.

A, G 200 feet number-14 hard-drawn bare copper wire. Baseboard, about 12 by 16 inches, $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick, or panel, 8 by 10 inches, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick.

In mounting the apparatus on the baseboard it is a good plan to arrange it so that

The circuit diagram. All details are explained in the text



the wiring will follow that of the circuit diagram as closely as possible, the parts being in the relative positions shown. Provision should be made for moving the coil L-1 toward, or away from, the coil L, with a maximum separation of about three inches. The leads from the terminals of the variable condenser C to the clips b and d should be made just as short as possible. The leads from clips a, c, e should be made short and direct, particularly if use is to be made of 20-meter wave length. The choke coil should be placed as far as possible from the coils L and L-1, and should be at right angles to them.

Binding posts may be mounted at the rear edge of the baseboard for connection of the "A" and "B" batteries, with an additional pair for the telegraph key. The key may be mounted anywhere in the vicinity of the transmitter; it is not necessary that it be mounted on the baseboard. It is not desirable to provide binding posts on the baseboard for the antenna and ground connections, as the losses at such points are usually high. The antenna and ground connections should be attached directly to the coil L-1 and run as directly as possible to the antenna and ground wires. These wires should be supported at as few points as possible; one insulator at each end is generally sufficient. For insulators, glass towel rods may be used. Form them by heating the ends in a gas flame until they are soft and by making a "bump" on the end so that a wire twisted round the rod will not pull off. (Rods which are already "bumped" may be readily purchased.)

The transmitter as sketched is what is called a "coupled Hartley circuit." That is, the oscillator circuit is called the "Hartley" after its originator, and the antenna circuit is coupled to it magnetically by means of the coil L-1. The wave length at which the circuit oscillates is determined largely by the positions of the clips b and d and the setting of the variable condenser C. The larger the number of turns between b and d, and the higher the capacity of the variable condenser, the longer the wave length.

In adjusting the oscillator the clip c should be placed at approximately the centre of the winding L, though it may be slightly toward the grid end of

the coil (clip a). The clip a should be set to include five to ten turns between a and c, and the clip e should be set at the end of the coil. Clips b and d may be set to include about ten turns between them, and the variable condenser may be set at maximum. If possible, a radio frequency ammeter of from 1.0 to 1.5 amperes full-scale reading should be inserted at A-1, in one of the leads to the variable condenser. The clips a and e should now be adjusted until the reading of the meter is as large as possible. With a wave meter, or with a receiving set for short-wave work, the wave length at which the oscillator operates may be determined. To operate over any given wave-length band it will probably only be necessary to adjust the variable condenser. If the wave length is to be changed from one band to another, it is usually necessary to change the positions of the clips.

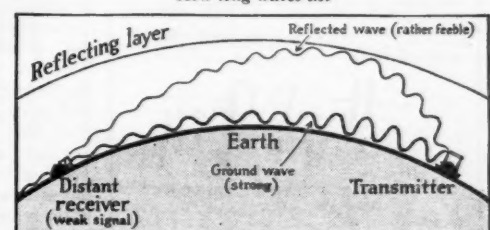
The antenna circuit is composed of the two wires A and G and the coil L-1. No direct ground is used. The wires should be approximately 100 feet long and from 10 to 20 feet apart for use on the 200-150-meter band; 50 feet long for use on the 80-meter band; 25 feet long for use on the 40-meter band and about 12 feet long for use on the 20-meter band. The wires should be supported, if possible, in such a manner that no material such as walls, roofs, trees or shrubbery lies in the space between the two wires. The height of the two wires above ground should be made as great as convenient, but no special effort should be made to get the lower wire much more than twenty feet above ground. With the sizes of antenna systems listed above it is possible to tune the antenna circuit to each of the respective wave-length bands by means of a small coil at L-1. Having adjusted the oscillator to operate on the desired wave length, note the setting of the variable condenser. Include three or four turns in the coil L-1, if possible placing the radio-frequency ammeter mentioned above in the antenna wire as shown at A-2.

The condenser of the oscillator should now be moved back and forth very slowly while you watch for an indication on the ammeter A-2. When a reading is obtained, note the position of the variable condenser C. If this position is now at a lower capacity of the condenser than before, it means that the antenna circuit is tuned to a lower wave length than that desired. To increase the wave length, include more turns in the winding L-1, change the condenser again and note the new position of the condenser. In this way the setting of the condenser is brought back to the point at which the wave length of the oscillator is the one desired. Conversely, if the point at which the reading of the meter was obtained was at a higher reading of the condenser than the original, the number of turns in L-1 must be reduced to bring the set into operation at the desired wave length.

It will be found that with the number of turns between the clips b and d constant the pair of clips may be moved along the coil without greatly changing the wave length.

The results that may be obtained with such a transmitter depend very largely upon the care with which the apparatus is set up and adjusted. Authenticated records exist of transmissions over various distances over two-thousand miles with no more power than can be developed with this transmitter. You naturally should not expect to cover any such distances as this the first time the set is placed in operation, or even at regular intervals, but the probability of a successful transmission over such great distances is very good. The set is for code transmission, not for radio broadcasting of voice or music.

How long waves act



FROM GIRL TO GIRL

Real Letters About the Things

Real Girls Are Doing

Drawn by
Charles Lassell

Dear Hazel Grey:

My two friends that you heard me speak of last summer are much interested in the fact that I have actually met and talked with you. They cannot believe that you are human. And that you wear mostly brown and blue. And that you were wondering at that house party how in the name of common sense you had forgotten to bring your tennis shoes, and how we struggled to get you a pair the day of the match. Will you ever forget that? I never shall. Well, they think you should not play tennis at all. They insist upon having you Intellectual and very, very Different. Such is the penalty of public life. I do my best for you, but I can see that in spite of me you are developing most extraordinary characteristics. It is quite out of the question for you to go on being just a plain ordinary everyday girl with plain ordinary everyday problems like, "What shall I wear to the party tonight?" and "What in the world shall I talk about to Mrs. Van Meter when I go to call this afternoon?"

A few months ago when Suzanne and

Betty came up from Hookersville to spend a week with me I told them all about the house party at Crescent Neck and you and everything. We have carried on a lively correspondence ever since they went back—Suzanne to school and Betty home. I am sending you some of the letters because I know how keen you are about girls and everything girls are doing and saying and thinking. Besides, they all want to ask you something. I wish you could know the girls. They are such dears.

Be sure and look me up when you come to New York.

Adelaide

Sherman Hall,
November 29, 1925.

Dear Adelaide:

What a glorious week it was! But it always is when you do the hostessing. I don't know how I shall ever get down to sines and cosines after Manhattan and the Bronx; but even if I flunk out, it was all worth it.

Lovingly,

Suzanne

Hookersville,
December 1, 1925.

Dear Adelaide:

Thank you for one of the happiest weeks I have ever spent. Wasn't it fun? Particularly the day you took me around to meet the Girl Scout people. I told our troop about it, and the girls are more enthusiastic than ever. Direct contact with the head certainly puts new life into the outskirts of an organization.

Are you really coming home for Christmas? I went to see your mother and father for a little while last night to tell them all about you and what a good time you gave us in New York. They are almost counting the days until you come. How proud of you they are, Adelaide! You are fortunate in this day and age when disagreement in families is so common.

Your mother is going to give a tea for the Dennises' visitor on Saturday. She is fifteen and comes from St. Louis. Your mother wants to have everything particularly nice. She asked me to help her. I have resolved to cultivate parties this winter. Buried somewhere in the back of my brain is a remark you once made about how necessary it is to have a well-rounded personality. I guess you knew then that I was letting athletics run away with me and pretending not to be interested in parties when the real reason was that I did not know how to feel comfortable at them. How silly that is! Of course, I shan't give up athletics, but I have learned that the secret of feeling at ease lies in not trying to feel so, and I am going to act upon my new knowledge. Perhaps I shall even learn to be as much of a social success as Suzanne. Isn't she enchanting? It was a joy to see her.

I am coaching the hockey team this year, and if you come down very soon we'll show you what a real team can do. When that's over I am going to take the basketball team in hand. I rejoice that nowadays everybody wants to play by girls' rules and not boys' rules. Of course I never saw the point of trying to copy boys in anything, unless it was their sportsmanlike attitude, but it is a great relief not to have to contend any longer with people who did.



By the way, I want to know the name of some place where we can get attractive arm bands for our basketball team. We want them to be awfully good looking and not too expensive! There must be some such place. Do you suppose it would be all right for me to write to Hazel Grey and ask her?

My best to you, you dear!

Betty

Sherman Hall,
December 15, 1925.

Adelaide, old dear:

Congratulate me on the inclosed. I made it myself. The other afternoon a few of us went down town to do some shopping and incidentally to get some fudge sundaes, and I saw one of these in the window. So I said to myself, "That's just the sort of thing I want to know how to make." And so:

When we came back to school some of the girls came to my room and we read aloud the story of Peggy Harrison in The Companion while I hunted up some strong, well-covered wire about twelve inches long, some deep-purple baby ribbon to wind around it and a handkerchief that I couldn't resist buying last week. I bent the wire a little at one end to look like an umbrella handle and wrapped it carefully with the ribbon from the crooked end down. Then I put the handkerchief on, bringing the four corners together, and used some of the ribbon to tie artistically about three inches from the top of the umbrella and one and a half inches from the lace edge of the handkerchief. Then I wrapped the bottom of the umbrella over the handkerchief very tightly with ribbon

for about an inch up, and the thing was done. I'm sending it right off to you. If you think it is good enough, I may make a few for our sale here. They have it to make money for something, and everybody helps. What do you think?

Suzanne

December 30.

Dear Adelaide:

Have you had your handwriting read by Hazel Grey's gypsy yet? We all sent ours, and the answers have just come. She said that I had a great deal of determination and was fond of outside sports and that Dorothy had lots of curiosity! Wasn't that good? We've been teasing Dorothy ever since, poor child, but I think it will do her good.

We are thinking about having a graphology party, and Hazel Grey is going to send us a letter telling all about everything. Won't it be fun?

Betty

CONTEST

The hobby contest closes today. You all have such delightful hobbies that I don't see how you can resist the temptation to make them something more. Would you like to have another contest soon?

HAZEL GREY
The Youth's Companion
8 Arlington Street
Boston, Mass.

WHEN these letters first came I was so delighted with them that I knew you would be too, and I wanted to show them to you right off; so I wrote to the girls and asked if they would mind. That was before I knew Suzanne and Betty at all. These were their replies: "Famous over night! And to think of my bottom drawer at this minute overflowing with rejection slips from magazines. You really never know, do you?—A." "Do you think somebody would actually be interested in anything my letters say? I can't imagine it, but wonderful things do happen. When will you publish them?—S." "I think my letters are awfully unimportant and rather dull. I know what I want to say, but when I write it down on paper it looks all wrong. But if you see anything in them, go ahead.—B."

Do you see anything in them? Look at Suzanne's little note to Adelaide. Did you ever read a more attractive bread-and-butter letter? It is the simple, natural, enthusiastic kind of letter that people like. And doesn't Suzanne's little umbrella sound dear—and easy?

Adelaide's letter interests me because I have heard before that people connected the word "editor" with something inhuman and dreadful, but I have seldom had it brought home to me so directly. Of course I know you don't think that; if you did, how could so many of you have written the lovely personal letters to me that you have? But please don't change. I shouldn't know how to answer your letters if you felt stiff and formal when you wrote them. Ask me about anything under the sun that worries you. I don't guarantee to answer it, but I'll do the best I can to help you. It often helps just to tell someone. I'll keep it a secret if you say so. If you don't say so, I'll know that you don't mind my printing it if I think it would help some one else, just like Betty and Suzanne. "Us girls must hang together," you know, and since we all have the same problems and interests and good times, let's have them all together.

What are you thinking about? Write and tell me!

Hazel Grey

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
8 Arlington Street, Boston

Fashions for the Young Girl

Dear Suzanne:

This is what I wore to Mrs. Dennis's dinner party. Everybody seemed to like it pretty well. I had my hair cut and bought some new shoes and had a dreadfully hard time deciding whether I wanted to get this in blue or lavender. I finally took lavender (orchid it really is) because it was such a nice pinky shade. It is a "junior dress for the sub deb." Don't you love it? And it is size fifteen, especially made for a person who wants grown-up lines and yet must have plenty of width through the waist. They said I needed that because I'm still undeveloped. Isn't it amazing all the things they know?

But I adore the bouffant skirt that sticks out all round. It makes me think of organdie, only of course it's georgette, as soft as soft. It cost \$16.50. I think some of Hazel Grey's new friends may want it.

The party was ever so much fun. I always have a better time at parties when I think I look well than when I have to wear something old like that made over blue crêpe de chine.

Do write and tell me if you like it.

Betty



Costume by WM. FILENE'S
SONS COMPANY, Boston

Photograph by
HOYLE STUDIO, Boston

YOU can see for yourself how much Betty likes this dress and how suitable it must have been for Mrs. Dennis's party. If you would like to order it, write and tell me and I will ask Filene's to send you one, any color you say.

I am so glad for all the letters you have written about the fashion page. So many of you say, "I like the fashion page, and I am

glad you started one." It is great to hear that, but don't stop there. Tell me about your clothes problem, because I want to be a real help and I can't be unless you tell me about yourself. Have you soft blue eyes and golden hair or darke yes and brown hair or red hair with a passion for wearing henna? Whatever it is, write and tell me. And don't forget to send your stamped self-addressed envelope!

Hazel Grey.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.

Your Choice
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PETS for the FAMILY

Every family should have one or more pets. In establishing this column, it is our desire to assist our subscribers in the selection of these pets by publishing the advertisements of reliable persons who have them for sale.

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Rat Terriers, Fox Terriers, Rabbit Hounds. Illustrated lists, 10c. PETE SLATER, Box Y.C., Pana, Illinois.

COLLIES for sale. Also book on training 35c. F. R. Clark, Bloomington, Ill.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

ARE YOU BUSY WITH YOUR PICTURES FOR THE PICTURE CONTEST?

Don't forget that, if you are from six to ten years old, you have a chance to win a prize of five dollars. Be careful to have your name, address and age plainly written or printed on the back of each picture, and you must mail them before February 1. Address them

Editor of Children's Page,
The Youth's Companion,
8 Arlington Street, Boston.



THE LITTLE GRAY MOTH

By Winifred Livingstone Bryning

FERGUS FAIRYGOLD was a fairy bard whose hobby it was to ride butterflies and blow chime-bubbles in the air.

Butterflies are not so easy to ride as one might think. Fergus had had many a tumble from a butterfly's back until at last he thought he would ride a common gray moth, if he could persuade one to fly about in the daytime.

Fergus Fairygold went to the deep woods, and there he found a family of moths sleeping. So he whistled a little tune, and then he said:

"O little moths that fly by night,
Will you not aid me in my flight?
For I should like to roam the sky
With a moth instead of a butterfly."

But not one of all the moths in that wood would answer him.

Then Fergus flew to a house where a mortal lived, and there in a dark clothes closet he found a little gray moth chewing wool. Fergus said to him:

"O little moth, I'd like to fly
Up in the sunny summer sky.
So will you put your feast aside
And let me ride?"

The little gray moth looked shy and frightened. No fairy had ever spoken to him before.

"I don't go out much in the daytime," he said, "but if you really want a ride I will take you out this evening, after dark."

"I want to ride this very day,
Up in the sky and far away,"

insisted Fergus Fairygold.

The little moth was a good-natured fellow and did not think of saying, "Haven't you got wings of your own to fly with?" as he might easily have done.

"I will do my best for you," said the little gray moth. "But sunlight is hard on my eyes. Sometimes I wish I had

been born a butterfly instead of a moth, so that I could look the beautiful sun in the face and eat honey instead of wool. Dark closets are rather lonely, and often people put horrid-smelling stuff—camphor, they call it—on my food, and I cannot eat at all. I think it very careless of them."

"Well, your food sometimes happens to be people's best clothes," said Fergus with a chuckle.

"Still, a fellow must live," said the little gray moth.

Then Fergus hopped on the moth's back, and out the window they flew into the golden summer sunshine.

Fergus always carried a flower wand that he used for many things. Sometimes he used it as a goad to stir a butterfly into greater speed. But most often on a bright, sunny day he held the stem like a pipe to his mouth, and in the flower cup at the other end he caught little motes of sunlight as they passed and blew fairy chime-bubbles. And every bubble he blew contained a fairy charm.

Sometimes the charms would ring in people's heads, and then they would say: "Oh, I thought of a lovely rhyme today." It was Fergus Fairygold's rhyme. Fergus Fairygold was a merry little poet, and



he never made sad songs.

As the little gray moth flew up and up into the golden sunlight he felt happy. Even his wings seemed to spread out and grow larger, so full of joy was he. Suddenly he looked up at the sun and said: "At last I can look the beautiful sun in the face. I feel as bright and happy as a butterfly. Oh, joy! joy!"

Then he looked down and saw a honeysuckle vine growing by an arbor. He wanted a sip of honey. That was strange, for he was only a little gray moth.

Fergus Fairygold smiled to himself as the moth flew down and rested on the honeysuckle spray. The fairy had been working a little magic all his own. Now he blew this rhyme into some chime-bubbles:

"Fairy bubbles flying high,
Blown by Fergus Fairygold.
Everywhere it must be told:
The moth is now a butterfly!"

The little gray moth could hardly believe his ears. But it was true. Because he had been so glad and willing to please the fairy bard, Fergus Fairygold, he had become a beautiful many-colored butterfly.



ROSE MADDER

By

Verna Grisier McCully

I HAVE a brand-new
Box of paints;
I find "Rose Maddar"
On the red.
Though I don't like
To make complaints,
It ought to be
Just "Rose" instead;
I am not mad at all,
So how
Can it be that I'm
Madder now?

RIGHT!

By

Beulah Rose Stevens

"I is—"
Said Billie:
"I am!"
Cried father.
"I—is—"
He insisted:
Now what
A bother!

"I—is—"
Again!
(For pity's
Sake!)
"I is"
(Quite meekly)
"So hard
To make!"

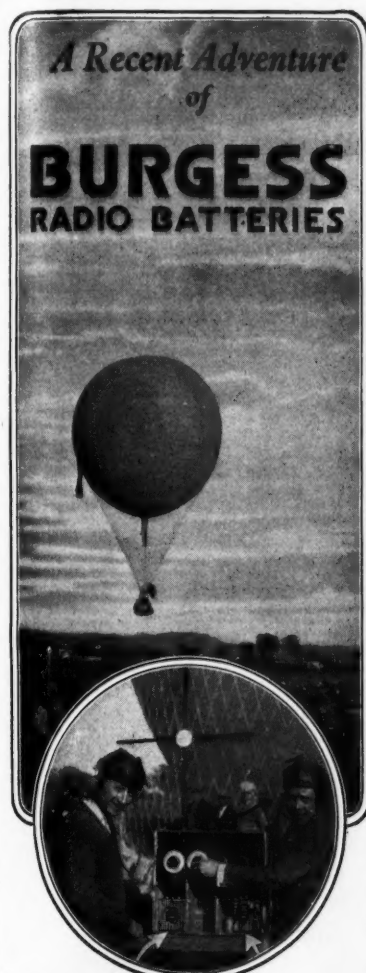


Beats All

By
L. J. Bridgman

WHEN the great cricket orchestra leader walks out,
Other insects stand meekly aside
To admire his very superior airs
That denote justifiable pride.

He is not only great, but the height he has reached
Would appear to be even sublime;
Though time conquers everything else, 'tis a fact
This orchestra leader beats time!



Underwood & Underwood Photos

The illustration pictures the take-off of the winning flight and in the insert is the radio equipment carried. (Burgess 'A', 'B' and 'C' Batteries furnished the electrical energy to operate the set.)

When the Goodyear III won the right to represent the United States at Belgium, Burgess Radio Batteries supplied the electrical energy for the operation of the balloon's radio equipment.

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GOLD COINS

Announcement of the Prize Winners

It has been hard to judge the armful of good and interesting letters written by boys and girls of sixteen or less on "How I Sold The Youth's Companion." First Prize, a \$20-gold coin, has been sent to

MARY V. HOLLOWAY
Walhalla, S. C.

She tells very interestingly how she prepared herself, and how she started with a most unlikely prospective customer—a "grouchy old gentleman." However, he was not a bit grouchy when Mary smilingly presented The Companion as a remedy for his rheumatism; and she soon convinced him of the merits of the Fact and Comment page and other features appropriate to him. She made it easy for him to subscribe by handing him a check book and fountain pen at the right moment—after telling him that the price works out at less than four cents a week. Encouraged by this success, Mary (who is fourteen) has found more logical customers. "When selling to a boy," she writes, "I show him the adventure stories and departments for boys. To a girl, I show stories about girls, college and home life. I try to impress everyone with the idea I am selling something that will help the buyer, that is worth what he pays for it and is the best magazine in the world."

The two \$5-gold pieces are won by Dwight Dickey, Apache, Okla., and Irvin Lunger, Williamsport, Pa. Dwight Dickey was twelve years old when he sold enough subscriptions to earn a wrist watch for his mother's birthday present. He proves the value of being helpful. A neighbor's hogs had pushed a board off their shed and were out. Dwight drove them back, repaired the shed and sold his first subscription then and there. He is now sixteen. Irvin Lunger, thirteen, is a new subscriber himself and a very energetic salesman. "It's fun," he says, "when you have a good paper to sell."

Letters of high merit were also received from the following boys and girls. We are glad to publish their names as a roll of honor.

Honorable Mention

James Avett, N. C., Carl Bandthaw, N. Y., Joseph B. Barnes, Idaho, Bertrand Barry, S. D., Mary E. Beach, Pa., Alice May Branch, Ill., Mahlon Benton, N. Y., Lowell and Lewis Bouton, N. Y., Wilbur Branch, Colo., Milan Bump, Colo., Harriet Chase, Tex., Harry Clendenin, Jr., Ill., Alice M. Chastain, S. D., William Coffin, Jr., N. C., Ruth Cook, Me., Bernard Cox, Pa., Margery E. Crane, Mass., Orison Crouch, Pa., Bertha M. Douglas, Me., Margaret Dedrick, Kans., Helen Dallas, Calif., Robinette Eble, Nebr., Anne C. Fenderson, Me., Stanley Frazier, N. Y., Robert W. Fulton, N. H., Joseph P. Gibson, Md., Robert Godfrey, Wisc., Ernest E. Gower, Ill., Willis Hawthorne, Tenn., Gertrude Grunwald, Wis., Allen Gill, N. C., Irene Halcomb, Miss., Ermine Harper, Tex., Mary Hodgins, Que., Margaret Jackson, Kans.

Charles R. Jamieson, Tex., Philip H. Johnson, Pa., Vivian Johnston, Pa., Carlyle Jones, Ohio, Ellen Royall Jones, N. C., Edwin Keller, Kans., Evelyn Kelly, Ohio, Albert Kemf, Ia., William Klem, N. Y., Austin Leahy, N. Y., R. S. Lewis, Jr., N. Y., Irvin Lunger, Pa., Mary McWilliams, Ohio, Rachel McElfresh, Md., Homer McDorman, Ohio, Helen McMillan, Calif., Orvaley May, Tex., Marion Mills, N. Y., Ina J. Mead, N. Y., Jessie Louise Miller, Ind., William Monroe, N. C., J. Moreau, N. H., Wilma Murphy, S. C., Dorothy Norton, Ill., Jean Ann Pendar, S. D., George Everett Reeves, Miss., Esther Rumsey, N. Y., George Somers, Mass., Esther Quayle, N. Y.

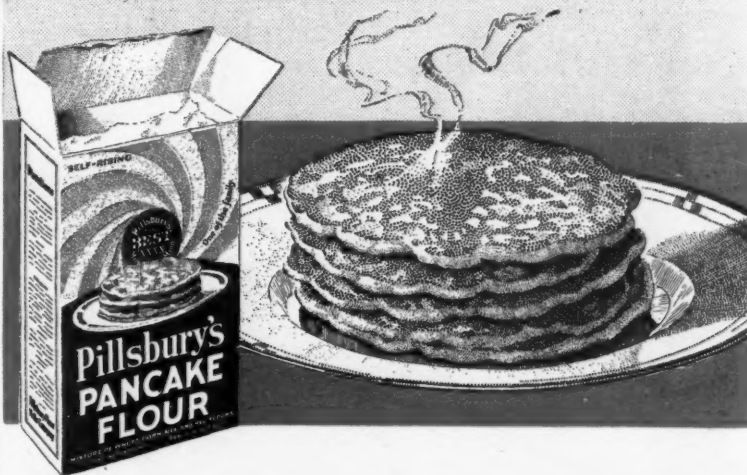
Berlin Rea, W. Va., Warren Reams, Idaho, Mildred Richardson, N. C., Vincent Rideout, Alta., Clarence W. Rolfe, Ohio, Marion V. Sargent, Vt., Bob Saunders, Wash., Billy Sawhull, Colo., Emma Schiess, N. Y., Earle J. Seely, N. J., M. Elizabeth Simpson, N. Y., Viola Singler, Calif., Gladys Smith, Idaho, Dorothy Simpson, Pa., Earl Stevens, N. Y., Sarah B. Temple, Pa., Bert M. Watson, S. Dak., Fred Warnock, Jr., Ohio, Estella Wells, Mo., Martha Whitman, Va., Zelia White, Wash., Tom White, Va., Esther Wiens, Nebr., Sidney Wilfong, N. C., Mary Lilah Wilkes, Tex., Cynthia Yost, Ore., Bernard Ziegler, Fla., Dorothy Chambers, Md., Dixie Louise Chambers, Md., Robert Waring McNitt, N. J., Robert Hall, Ga., Viola Bergman, Ill., William E. Needham, N. J., Percy L. Clyde, Mont., Lee Metcalf, Mont.

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